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THE OLD BELLE AND BEAU.

BY GENEVA.

She was the belle and he was the beau,
Far in the vanished long, long ago.
Country youths lost their honest young hearts,
Lured by her dazzling coquettish arts.
He had a face and figure so fine,
All the girls thought his beauty divine.
They were indeed a beautiful pair.
Ah, how Time changes all that is fair!
Look at the aged couple to-day.
Where is their beauty? Vanished away:
He is stoop-shouldered, wrinkled and gray—
She ditto, ditto, ditto. But stay,
It was a careless glance that I took,
Now they are near I'll take one more look.
Are not his features handsomely shaped
Spite of the wrinkles over them draped?
Spite of the sallow, leathery skin,
Spite of the flesh so dried up and thin?
And is there not the light in his eye,
Of a soul beauty not all gone by?
Is not she ditto, ditto? Ah yes;
There is the ghost of dead loveliness
Haunting them yet, a shadowy trace
Of their lost beauty left in each face.
Genial feeling, warmth of the heart,
Even to age a charm can impart,
Deepening ever on to life's close;
As the day, dying, lovelier grows.
Time, having spared the founts of the soul
Whence streams of love and sympathy roll,
Has not dealt over-hard with the beau
And with the belle of long, long ago.

RED KELLY;

OR,

The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WETZEL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAMP RECEIVES THE NEWS OF A MASSACRE.

Champ would never have brought the men to a stand when so greatly outnumbered, had he not counted on speedy assistance.

He knew that Duffy was astride of a stallion that would take him into L—— inside of ten minutes, and the few men that could be spared from the outposts were, no doubt, anxiously awaiting some news of the train. Did they now hesitate, fearing that the discharge of firearms was, as on several previous occasions, a decoy to draw men outside, and weaken the pickets for the ruffians laying in wait, Duffy would immediately set them right and send them to the rescue.

Red Kelly reasoned also on this basis, and fought like a fiend until Champ's two successive shots fired persistently, but nearly at random—the darkness being bothersome—took effect in his right arm and shoulder, and disabled him.

The blood was flowing freely from scores of deep or surface wounds, when the shout of the settlers bespoke a fresh and furious charge, which carried defeat to the desperadoes; who dragging along their wounded comrades, mounted their horses and rode away, receiving a parting volley from the resolute men.

The settlers no sooner found themselves freed from this party of miscreants than prudence urged a hasty march forward to the town, lest the savages already referred to by Champ should rush upon them from some unexpected quarter.

Early on the morning after the bringing of supplies into L——, Griff hastened forward to D——, in hopes of finding De Lancy. By a strange fatality he had arrived the day before in some considerable haste, and left word for Griff to push forward immediately to Pultneyville.

"I'll jine yer at dawn ter-morrer on the route," Champ had said, "ef some men as I want ter see put in their appearance;" finishing with a terrible grimace, as he had had the figure "1" made the night previous lengthwise of his before handsome cheek, by Red Kelly's knife. A long strip of sticking-plaster put that side of his face in mourning, and the style was not intensely becoming to his visage.

"I'm gwine ter meander with my shot-pouch and fusee sum degrees furder toward the Rocky ridge, an' ef ye could so make up yer mind, I'll show yer about the kentry sum, seein's yer a green hand. Thar's sum nice cuddy holes in the underpinin' of ther mountings, whar ye ken play hall most any time er day or night with sum er them sweet-smellin' sons ov nature."

"If De Lancy has no plans for me, I will join you."

"Stop at D—— till I come, then," was Champ's parting injunction, as Griff strode away.

He did not arrive at D—— until after nightfall, where he found our old friend Boniface, amply glad to see him safely returned, and considerably chagrined at having sent him on a bootless errand. As we before mentioned, he found that during his absence De Lancy had arrived and again departed; so resting for the night he resolved to start, as soon as Champ should come up, for Pultneyville.

Any one calling the roll at D——, about daybreak would have heard the scout answer "here," as it had become his nature, especially since his knowledge that he was a marked man on the frontier, to be rather owlish in his habits, flitting from place to place nocturnally, and taking needful rest when the full glare of the risen sun drove marauders and jackals to their holes.

Griff understanding this fact, insisted that Champ should take a two-hours' nap on the bench in Dilliton's kitchen, where prying eyes might not penetrate and disturb him.

Therefore, the sun had wheeled up to a considerable height when the two men left

"I AM NOT THE SHERIFF, BUT I WILL RUN FOR THE OFFICE NEXT YEAR," CRIED GRIFF, DISCHARGING HIS REVOLVER IN THE FACE OF THE FOREMOST MAN.

the town and took a northwesterly course, having before them a smart twenty-five miles' walk before reaching Pultneyville.

"I should think," remarked Griff, as they paced along the prairie, "that a horse would be an indispensable article for you, Champ?"

A huge grimace followed, then—

"There air times when a hoss is wuth more than a mor'gaged deed of creation. At sich crickety times, the fust beast I cum to I spring my trap on; but thar air other occashins when so long as yer can't double the critter up like a jack-knife an' tuck him in yer breeches pocket, it's as well that he should be riderless, an' roamin' without bit nr bridle. But I say, friend, this is a purty piece of flats as lays ahead toward ther outermost run of vision. If 'twant fur thar bein' so menny feathered fowl infestin' the section, the settlers could make a handsome footstool hereabouts."

"They show amazing enterprise in pushing fearlessly out, surrounded as they are by all manner of dangers. I was not aware that Pultneyville lay so far west."

"And that's quite a town, with a smart smatter of infunt settlements beyond, but they run great risks in these troublous times, an' it war better fur every family altar ter be tuk inter the forts."

Griff acquiesced in the old scout's views.

By a rapid and uninterrupted journey they reached P—— at nightfall. De Lancy had not yet arrived, neither did the night bring him.

"Its cur'us how these things works by times," says Champ; "seems as if fate hes run out different routes for you two, ez yer kant seem to meet at ther cross-roads."

"Which way are you heading?"

"Furder out, furder out. I like ter be lookin' up jobs, yer know, an' I relish my beef br'iled in the open air. In-doors takes ther life an sperets outer me wus nor ther squeezin' of a nannycondor."

"I suppose so, but as for myself I hardly know what to do."

"Not knowin' nothin' better, h'ist yer hoffs along my trail an' mor'n likely I'll get yer inter buziness. At a ventur', let's go out er few miles perspecting."

They shouldered their rifles, and struck away to the west of north. By the middle of the forenoon they came to a piece of rolling prairie, and here the scout remarked, pointing toward a rounded hill higher than its fellows—

"Let's clime on ter that observitory yender. I allus hanker ter get onter hummicks ter make diskiveries."

In two minutes his feathery fox-tail was flickering and dipping in the breeze, as Champ stood wide and thin upon the hill.

Griff, climbing up beside him, saw a lovely, if somewhat monotonous landscape, stretched out before his eyes. A green, undulating sea rolling in grassy waves before the rush of the invigorating breeze that swept down from the distant mountains.

A first, second, and third continued glance showed no moving thing, excepting some herds of buffaloes that changed their grazing ground at will.

"Thar seems ter be nothin' of importence doin' this fine mornin'. Apparuntly thar's nothin' explosive nor purcussive stirring the air; an' we might as well move our hoffs down the western side of this nubbie—yet hold!"

Another keen, questioning glance from under the shaggy brows, another horrible contortion of the face, with the muttered explanation that "that air stickin' plaster on my cheek prickles an' itches like er brier-bush," and then the slow, undecided words—

"I sartingly seed suthin' a crossin' the bridge ov my nose—figgerative—an' thar, yes, thar's a solitary cuss a tryin' ter do his mile a fraishun inside of 2.40. I'll bet my shugar-lofe"—tapping his head-gear—"that thar's suthin' ahead or ahind that fellow ez makes hoss-flesh at er discount. Spread yourself, Griff, on ther off side ov this bulge 'er natur; we ain't likely ter stay stacked here long without actin' as a maggot ter draw sum wanderin' eye upon us."

After taking their position of lying flat down, with only their eyes elevated over the crest of the knoll, they farther watched the distant solitary equestrian.

"By my old flint-stock! the feller is headin' west er noth, an' the consequence 'll be, ef we hold our position and he holds ter his'n, we'll hev the critter's corks among the j'ints of our sir-lines in a precious short time."

"Do you advise a move?"

"Hardly yet; we ken git out 'er the way, I reckon. It's—yes—I'm sartin, it's a white man; an what's the matter? Thar aint nothin' in sight—he kant hev the nightmare this time o' day, an' what—or is he *arter me?*" springing suddenly to his feet, and continuing, "That's perzactly the way ez I've been sent fur several times; yes, yes; see him swing his arms, he's out er wind or he'd hollar an'—it aint nothin' but a boy. Let's lope down a piece towards him."

Griff and the scout struck into the peculiar loping run to which Champ was addicted as a natural gait, but which somewhat bothered the muscles of the young Eastern man.

"Ah," aspirated Champ, "both beast and rider is as good as dead beat; see how the horse reels from side to side, and the boy holds mainly by instinct, and his face is kivered with blood. Hi! hi! whoa-whoa, beast! What's the matter?—an yer want me, too?"

The boy was too exhausted to speak, and with blood dropping from his nostrils, he could only gesticulate with both hands in a vain attempt to make himself understood.

"Dumb show!" spoke the scout, lifting him from his horse and laying him upon the sod, where rapidly the poor fellow's face blanched and his eyelids slid to over his strained and bloodshot eyes.

"This wont do. Git at my flask, Griff, under this arm—so—gin him the valley of a thimbleful. Thar, thar! yer wont strangle with the whisky, an it'll limber your tung in er minute."

Griff dropped on one knee, and raised the boy's head upon his arm.

"Whar've ye cum from?" propounded Champ, in a moment, after the liquor had been swallowed.

"From Baker's Creek."

"Baker's Crik? Baker's Crik? nobody ez I recommember squatted thar but Ben Bradford."

"He's murdered, sir—murdered—they're all murdered!"

"Good God, boy! does the whisky lie? It can't be that stanch old Ben, as hadn't an enemy on this earth, hes lost his life so!"

"All murdered but Miss Maria; an' she—oh—it's worse with her. I've run my poor horse since last midnight, after you. Mr.—Mr. Bradford come to after he was dead, and sent me to find Champ."

"Come to arter he was dead; it's likely, as stanch cronies as we was long afore this intestine warfare; an' who be you, boy?"

"I was helping herd his cattle, and was out late getting in a lame steer; and when I come up it was all over. I heard the shouts and cries, but thought it was farther down. They stampeded the stock after—after they had butchered Mr. Bradford and wife, and the three other men. I had this horse that I was riding in with—"

"War they sculped, boy?"

"Every one, sir—oh, so horribly disfigured."

"Sculped? but good God! that proves nothin', nothin' at all, as ter who did it—who instergaited ther crime. An' Ben, with his dyin' breath, says 'git Champ—git Champ on ther trail.' God of the Univarse!" lifting his long, lean arm, "remember my vow. The fiends as butchered that good ole man shall lap the airth whar his blood is spilt."

A moment's portentous silence followed, and it seemed as if the solemn, piercing words of the scout could be heard reverberating over the trackless plains.

"Yes, sir," spoke the boy, "I thought that he was dead—and please, sir, I think that he *was;* but when I lifted his hand to feel for a pulse, he whispered faint-like but distinctly, 'Oh, Maria, Maria, find Champ—tell Champ, Maria'; these were his words, sir—although I didn't feel no pulse at his wrist. We had heard, by the way of Duffy, that very morning, that you had gone from L—— to D——, and thither I drove only to find that you had started off to Pultneyville. My poor beast galloped up almost to the town before he began to falter. There I learned that you were outside on the plain—my poor horse! my poor horse!"

The beast was evidently expiring on the sod.

"Don't think that I havn't proper feeling about the matter—but, oh, my poor horse, I've pricked him on for the last ten miles with my knife;" and the boy rolled upon his face, apparently in as much agony as the dying steed. "Go Champ, go—don't waste a moment with me," pleaded the poor fellow, stopping his ears from the moans of the beast. "I'd about as lief wait for the buzzards as not. Poor Miss Maria!"

"Yas, yas, I know," said the scout, slowly, "but yer kan't hurry much mor'n this business, than yer ken in ther double rule er three; an' they've got a good start erhead ov my time, too; but they might as well kalkerlate when my prongs measure along thar trail, that death an' ther judgmunt foller."

Griff, who had been an intensely interested spectator, now eagerly asked—

"Can I not be of assistance?"

Champ shook his shaggy head.

"Thar ain't a man ter my 'no'ledge experienced enough ter take inter partnership on this job, 'ceptin' Vitee, the Injin-tamer. Now, then, Griff, ef yer want to be of the greatest sarvice ter me, yer git this poor boy back ter Pultney, an' make an indiscriminate s'arch for Vitee, an' post him arter me. Tell him I kalkerlate that they've headed t'ward the sou'-west—that anytime within a week he may reasonably expect me ter be in ther vercin' of ther crik. After this biz is off my hands, Griff, you'n I'll kerry our biskits an' porrige tergether over ther bulges ov creation till yer've seed about as much ov ther sunrise side ov ther Rockies as yer hanker arter."

He seized Griff's hand and shook it warmly.

"Take keer an' not sell yer briskit an tender-line to any ov ther free riders of ther plains; an'—an' don't forget to find Vitee. Yer my commissioned officer until yer send out that invincible peadestrun an' menagery man ter jine my expedish."

Without more ado, Champ settled his sugar-loaf cap, swung round to face the south-west, and eating up the distance with wide strides, speedily withered into a slim skeleton, then dropped below the line of vision.

"Of course," reasoned he, "I must get back ter Baker's Crik ter hunt fur a startin' p'int. This would naturally be Red Kelly's exploit—but I'm sure that I gin him too much of a wound just before that, to allow of his dashin' on to poor Bradford. Wall, wall, I'll ravel out the affair ef it takes a lifetime."

He walked forward at a good pace for two or three hours until, descrying a party of horsemen in the dim distance, he deemed it prudent "ter b'ild er nest in ther grass till dusk." Sunk upon the sod, with his chin propped with his hands, and his elbows on the ground, he watched the distant figures shrink and fade from view.

His night's travel was disturbed by the stealthy passage of horsemen, so far from him that he could not discover their nationality, and yet so near that he was obliged to make frequent and protracted halts, and when moving to proceed with the utmost caution.

CHAPTER V.

GRIFF IN DANGER.

With daylight again, Champ found it would be simply madness to move forward. He would have to cross a level area of great extent, barren of sheltering bush or shrub, while farther out several parties of Indians, or outlaws, seemed hovering like buzzards about predestined prey.

"A stormy night is comin' on," muttered he, eyeing the sky, "an' it will beat out the trail. I'm sorry."

He was right in his conjectures, for by midnight, when he was close upon Baker's Creek, the threatening elements burst into furious carnival—wind and rain, and thunder growling through the gloom.

He reached the deserted cabin, which, wonderful to relate, the outlaws had not given to the flame, and with a strange feeling of chilling awe he stepped into the blood-stained interior. When last he was here, a kind and beaming welcome awaited him; now, how changed. He sank into a corner sheltered from the storm, but felt that it would be sacrilege to close the door.

Did Champ fall asleep? Suddenly, during a vivid flash of lightning, he discovered a shadow lying out upon the floor, as from some one sitting beside him. Continuous, elastic sheets jerked back and forth past the open door; and just in front of the cabin, stood Ben Bradford, pale and silent, throwing his arms up and out with an expression of frantic appeal. Entire darkness followed, but the scout sprang to his feet and sang out in his lusty manner:

"Yas, yas, Ben; I see, I know, an' I'm agoin' ter make ther wolves lap whar yer blood was spilt—depend on me, Ben! Yas, yas, don't yer worry."

He suddenly stopped—checked by an awful tremor that run over him from head to foot.

Had he been dreaming? or *had* the murdered man's spirit, torn by fierce unrest, awaited the approach of his friend to the cabin? We are most indulgent, dear reader, and each one may decide to suit his or her convictions, while we retain our own belief.

The heavy rain of the night obliterated all traces of man or beast. Looking about the place at early dawn, he was relieved to find that settlers, or soldiers, had been to the creek and seen the bodies interred beyond the reach of the scavenger buzzards, which daily in mid-air identify and descend upon their prey.

Fortifying his stomach with a chunk of jerked meat and a hard biscuit, and looking carefully to the condition of his rifle, Champ swung away from the creek, turning, however, once and again to view with an eager and hungry eye the forked trunk of a dead tree that marked the new, significant mounds at its foot.

With the firm, recurring conviction that Red Kelly had had a hand in this atrocious crime, he wandered off seemingly an aimless speck upon the wide plains.

Griff's allotted task of finding Vitee was not likely to prove successful. He adopted the wise course of searching first for Duffy and McCann, as they were accessible in and around the fortifications, except when they chose from time to time to act as guides to travellers or trains.

Duffy, at Fort Hayes, knew nothing of the whereabouts of the Indian-tamer; but he expected that McCann, who was outside, might have some knowledge of the scout's whereabouts.

Griff, knowing how precious every passing moment was to Champ, who, perhaps, might loiter, expecting his co-laborer to join him, rode out to the barracks and there ascertained that the man whom he sought was down close to the Texas frontier. No one knew anything of Vitee. He had not reported himself at any of the outposts for several weeks; indeed, many of the officers were becoming alarmed at his long absence. Therefore, it seemed that there was no choice left but for Griff to leave word with all those who might possibly encounter the scout, that Champ desired his aid in the hazardous enterprise of tracking the murderers of Mr. Bradford.

He then turned upon his course, with the intention of reaching Pultneyville as soon as he might, in hopes of meeting De Lancy. On his return he was advised by Captain Houghton to leave the travelled route, as news had been brought in that morning that a large party of free-riders were lurking close up to the outposts, evidently watching for some expected quarry.

Receiving directions concerning an old trail which the officers thought might be the safer one, Griff started near the middle of a lovely afternoon to retrace his route. He rode at an easy trot until sundown, twilight and dusk had successively visited the earth, and he then began to look for the small inn which he was told he would find on the way.

The mild and mellow stars drowsily shone overhead; an intermittent wind rushed and lulled, rushed and lulled over the prairies.

Alert, and painfully aware of the dangers around him, he gently urged his steed into a long gallop. He was presently startled by what might have been his own wraith, so suddenly did a horseman appear in the pathway ahead of him.

An electric thrill, like lightning, vibrated through his brain and nerves.

"Good-even, stranger," said the new comer, halting.

Griff civilly answered, with the deepening conviction that in crossing so many trails, he had somewhere missed the right and taken the wrong one.

"Am I on the direct course to Buford's Springs?"

"Direct," said the stranger.

"How far am I out from the place?"

"Only three miles. Up from the sou'-west?"

"No, sir," and Griff, getting the impression that the man was bending over in his saddle to scrutinize his features, touched his small, nervous horse and dashed away.

Feeling uncomfortably disturbed, he turned, after he had ridden some distance, and was positive that the stranger was still holding up and looking after him.

He arrived in due time at the unpretentious hostelry; giving his beast to the waiting-boy, and entering, he ordered supper. The place seemed strangely deserted for a frontier public-house, and the landlord eyed him in a disquieting manner.

"You are as still as a Quaker settlement," remarked Griff, while he partook of the supper which was speedily placed before him.

"That is, we go by fits and starts," said mine host; "perhaps another time you might have been pressed for breathing-room here;" and the man finished with a disagreeable laugh.

Griff felt that there was a point to the remark, but unconcernedly said,

"I have never been in this section before."

"Ah!" ejaculated the landlord, with a disagreeable intonation and an almost imperceptible raising of the eyebrows.

Had not Griff considered him under the influence of liquor, he would have demanded an explanation of his conduct.

In half an hour the bar-room was filled with loafers—all socially enough disposed—but the young man, grown suspicious, fancied that he saw ominous glances exchanged among them.

With no defined purpose, he lighted his cigar and stepped outside to note the weather. Once outside, he sauntered toward the rough stable to look after the welfare of his horse.

The boy, acting as groom, came quickly up, and seizing Griff by the sleeve, hurriedly whispered,

"Be you, sir, the deputy sheriff of L—— County?"

"I am not, my man. Why do you ask?"

"I overheard some men as has just come up say to each other, 'We've got that d——d deputy holed at last; he was uncommon green or daring to put his head in here by daylight; we'll lace up his neck-

tie directly.' They've mistaken you for him, and you'll lose your life unless you're very smart, sir. Two weeks ago they hanged three men only a mile from here."

Griff was for an instant paralyzed at the imminent danger surrounding him.

"What do you think—have you a plan?" he questioned of the boy.

"Nothing, only to go back to the bar-room and ask the landlord for an extra blanket for your weary steed. Come carelessly out with it. I will be leading the horse out at the little rear door, and you must jump upon his back and do what you can toward getting into D—— *first.*"

Without a word Griff wheeled upon his heels and followed the boy's injunctions to the letter.

Returning, he entered the main door, dropped the blanket, sprang out at the rear, and was on his horse's back in an instant.

"Walk softly away, sir, and the chance is they may not find out for some little time. Keep the stable between you and the two or three fellows that are coming out under the awning. I will go on talking in the barn as long as I can. There!"

"God bless you," echoed the young man, as a parting benediction.

Two, five, ten minutes passed, and the waiting ruffians heard apparently two voices talking in the stalls; and then, struck with sudden suspicion, one of them strode up to the open door and looked in.

"What the devil's ter pay with yer beast?" asked the man. "I'm a hoss doctor by trade, an'—" he was peering about the place.

"What, sir?" directly asked the boy.

"Whar's the fellow blanketin' his hoss, Steve?"

"He's gone forward, sir," answered the boy in a dull sort of tone.

"Eh, what? without paying his score?"

"He left the money with me—"

"Here, Buns," called the ruffian, "our bird has flown; hand out a lantern here an' let's get the tracks. We ken overhaul him."

Griff, as soon as he dared, started his horse into a savage pace, but three miles out, having halted a moment to listen, it seemed to him that he could hear an echo like that of fast riding.

"I will sell my life as dearly as possible," he thought, and again dashed forward. Before he had ridden a half mile farther a horseman suddenly dashed from the darkness on the right-hand to the darkness on the left-hand side, and then wheeling about called out—

"Halt! another pace at your peril."

Griff drew upon his rein one instant, as he heard the snap of a pistol, then in equally determined tones he replied:

"Stand out of my path or I will shoot you."

"Out of your path," echoed the astonished horseman, "are you not pursuing me?"

"You? I am pursuing only my own business, and can brook no interruption."

The stranger wheeled his horse round again so as to bring him abreast of Griff.

"Your voice inspires me with confidence, and—do I not hear horses behind us?"

"More than likely—they are after the L—— county sheriff."

The stranger tightened his rein.

"How know you this?"

"From the most disagreeable fact that they have mistaken me for him."

"And are on your trail?"

"You hear them."

"Now, then," said Griff's companion, "*I* am the man; and if you choose to make a stand with me ahead in the little ravine, I have a mind to settle some old scores."

"I am ready," answered Griff, without a doubt of the stranger's sincerity. "Lead on."

A few moments' rapid gallop brought them into the mouth of a shallow ravine.

"We will wait here. If that is Jack McCree leading the chase, I'll bring him within range with his own decoy call."

After a moment of listening the stranger went on.

"There are but two—it's all right, we can manage them;" and emitting a long, quavering, peculiar whistle, he took a position to cover the approach of the pursuers.

In the next five minutes there was an astounding and masterful strategic movement.

"Hold up, Jack," cried Griff's companion of the ravine to one of the approaching ruffians. "I've snared the bird; walk up with the bracelets."

"Forgot, by ——, as well as the necktie; got to drive into camp an' hev er free show, Bluffy."

Up to this time Griff had scarcely made out his position; now he said decidedly,

"This is a capital practical joke," turning to the make-believe deputy, "and no doubt you see the fun of it better than I do; but I am not the person whom you seek. I am a stranger in this section of country."

"I swar you will be, mister, arter daylight ter-morrer, ez sure's yure born," affirmed one of the ruffians.

"And gas won't light up well without fixters," remarked the other; "for ef yer haint Mr. Deperty, az he's tore along at our heels with his reaper fur about er year, why yere a pea shelled from the same pod—an', in course, ye'd say yer weren't the deperty anyhow. Lead on, Buns—one each side—haf a neck in advance, an' 'tother ter the hind," and the drunken rear-guard broke out into a classical song, with the pointed line in the chorus of—

"Walk up, turkey, to ther roast."

This mellow but ill-appreciated hilarity convinced Griff that they must be near the camp of the renegades, and he resolved to die before he allowed himself to be manacled or unhorsed, for death would of a surety follow those events.

He now recognized the man who had announced himself as the sheriff, as the horseman who had directed him to the inn early in the evening, and who, no doubt, by some wide and rapid circling had warned his confederates, and so led to Griff's capture. His mind resolved a score of plans for escape, but none seemed feasible, because of the brief space of time that would probably be allowed him.

A short and rapid trot brought them to a line of bush in the midst of which was the bushwhackers' rendezvous. He caught a glimpse of the low burning fires, whereon the juicy venison had been broiling, and a score of roughly clad forms in all manner of postures, while, as he afterward explained, a quarter of an acre of hats and saddles were scattered about in a loose and demoralized condition.

"Here's the deperty," yelled one of the captors, announcing their approach to the camp, and the three renegades advanced closer toward their apparently cowed and doomed victim.

"I am not the sheriff, but I will run for the office next year;" and as Griff uttered these words, he, unexpectedly to them, discharged his revolver in the faces of the foremost men, struck his heels into the horse, and dashed among and over the ruffians, who had not had time to get upon their feet.

A dozen shots were fired after him, but it must have been some minutes before the astonished outlaws had mounted to follow. The shadow of the line of bush was favorable. Straight on, with no other definite purpose but to be as long in dying as possible, he rushed.

At the distance of a mile from camp, the line of stunted trees came to an end. Griff could now hear the horses of his enemies close up behind him.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

UNAWAKENED.

BY M. EARL.

Under a linden
Reclining's a maid,
Her eyes are blue harebells
That grow in the shade;
Her brow the white lily,
Her cheeks the blush rose,
Her mouth it is dainty,
And classic her nose.

Her face is a dreamy one,
Guileless of care,
Her coronet woven
Of braids of bright hair,
The slight girlish fingers
Were ne'er passion prest,
And lips of kin only
Her lips have carest.

Like the blooms of Australia
That gorgeously pine,
Till their Maker shall grant them
An odor divine,
Her heart in its slumber
Unwinning doth wait,
Till the fairy prince cometh
Unto his estate.

Heaven knows 'tis entrancing
That first sip of wine,
When the brimming cup presses
Such red lips as thine,
But the muses have willed
That this rhyme shall not stop
Till it warns you the sparkle
Is all on the top!

One bliss-hardened hour,
One breath of the rose,
One glimpse of the river
That Edenward flows;
Yet eternity never
Can duplicate this,
Whatever its fashion
And measure of bliss.

We shall know without asking,
Sweet one, of the day
When the prince and attendants
Shall happen this way.
Lips catch such a quiver,
And innocent eyes
Grow nervously happy
And wondrously wise.

The bright braids unthreaded
Will fall by your cheeks,
To hide the hot flame
That unwarranted speaks.
You will hum little ditties
Of love and despair,
And read simple stories
Of heroines fair.

You will dress in white muslin
And stand at the gate
With pearls in your lashes—
Pale jewels of Fate,
If one through the gloaming
Comes lingering late.
The household will miss you
On moonlighted eves,
But a tattling bird builds
In the thick arbor leaves!

Perhaps, and perhaps not
It is a good thing,
One can't make a girl
In the joy of her spring
Believe that the rainbow
Which arches her sky
Is made of odd pieces,
Imperfect in dye!

Adieu, ma belle soeur,
Heaven keep you from harm,
With your lotus-like eyes
And your heart young and warm;
The king's son will seek you,
Life's meaning increase,
Heights of joy, depths of grieving,
But *nevermore, peace.*

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OUT-DOOR INTERVIEW.

We must return again to Henry Ogden and Miss Dubois, whom we left in the glen back of Mrs. Hamilton's house. They turned, immediately after passing the apparent sailor, and walked back toward the house. Her coolness had all disappeared. She now manifested a nervousness and excitement that surprised him. Her answers to his remarks were irrelevant, and she appeared affected by some mental disturbance for which he found himself unable to account.

The sailor was not in sight as they walked back. He must have gone rapidly on, and already have left the glen.

Her eyes wandered about with a frightened, searching glance, as if in search of some disquieting vision.

"What has disturbed you, Miss Dubois?" her companion asked, in surprise at her manner. "I hope you were not frightened by that rough-looking man we passed?"

"I do not like to see such characters lurking about. They always make me nervous," she replied.

"But there is no reason that you should be so affected by this man. He is a sailor, rather dilapidated it is true. He has probably been through the hands of the land sharks. But he is not likely to injure you in any way. He is probably now on his way back to the city."

"I know I am a nervous child," she answered, with a forced laugh. "I thought there was something sinister about the man."

She slightly started, and he could see that she was trembling. Her roving glances had, at that instant, fallen upon a face protruded from behind a tree, at some distance up the hillside, and had caught a hasty sign made by the hand of the concealed sailor.

"There; I do not know what ails me," she said, again affecting to laugh. "Did you ever see such a nervous and excitable person? I will try not to show any more such weaknesses, Mr. Ogden, but my nerves do get the better of me sometimes."

"I can understand that," he replied. "Understand it, that is, so far as knowledge of such sensations goes. I cannot say that I ever experienced anything of the kind in myself."

"No, indeed. You great, strong men do not know what trifling, nervous things we women are. The breeze that bends the willow has no effect upon the oak."

In a few minutes more they reached Mrs. Hamilton's house. Mr. Ogden did not enter, but remained for a short time at the gate, continuing their conversation. Then, on the plea of business, and much to her inward satisfaction, he left her.

She stood there for a while longer, eagerly watching him till he had disappeared down the road. Then she looked with equal attention at the house. The front windows were bowed, and no one had probably observed her return.

Instead of entering she turned back and hastened toward the glen, up which she again went, with a very different pace and manner from that in which she had lately traversed it.

She had passed the spot in which she last observed him, without seeing any trace of her concealed lover. She now paused, excited, and half-fearing that she had been mistaken, or had in some way allowed her senses to deceive her.

"Marie," spoke a well-known voice at her left.

Turning quickly she saw her lover, dressed in the same rough garb as before, but with the disfiguring beard removed from his face.

His features were deeply embrowned, probably with some preparation, though it well simulated the effect of the sunlight on an exposed face.

With a low, fluttering cry, she turned eagerly toward him, her heart throbbing wildly with its unuttered emotions. He, too, seemed strongly affected by this meeting. He clasped her willing form in his arms, and pressed on her lips kisses of the most devoted affection.

"Come into the wood, Marie," he said, leading her by the hand. "It is not safe for me here. Some one may pass at any moment and recognize me. And it would not look very creditable in you to be seen talking to such a dilapidated and suspicious an individual as myself." He laughed as he surveyed his outfit.

"Don't put that dreadful beard on again!" she cried, as he was about to resume it. "I want to know you, and I would never recognize you with such a face as that gives you."

They had now penetrated into the wood, out of sight from the path. Here a broad, flat stone offered a convenient seat, and they sat down together, his arm stealing affectionately around her waist.

"Were you not frightened when you saw me awhile ago?"

"Frightened! Indeed I was. I could not hide it from Henry Ogden."

"Did he suspect me?"

"No. But he judged that the sinister-looking sailor must be the cause of my alarm."

"I gave him a very keen glance, I admit. There was a slight tinge of jealousy in my heart at finding you with him, and I may have showed it in my look. Don't be hurt, Marie, it was but a momentary sensation."

"I am not hurt. I like to have you jealous of me. They don't love as I want you to love, who are impervious to jealousy. But tell me all that has happened since that dreadful trial, and your wonderful escape."

He proceeded to do so, giving her a detailed description of his escape, and of the life he had led since.

She clasped her hands with a nervous thrill as she listened to the exciting details of his flight, and heard with the deepest interest the story of his concealment, and his life as an affected invalid.

She proceeded, in her turn, to describe her own life in the interval. She told the effect of his flight upon herself, and of the fears and hopes which had affected her since. She had made no progress, she said, in her scheme with Henry Ogden. Indeed she had not seen him until to-day, and was in doubt if she would have any success with such a wary antagonist.

Her lover tried to dissuade her from her self-imposed task, but in vain. It was her only hope of giving him any aid, she said, and she would not allow any feeling of repulsion to prevent her making every possible effort in his cause. She might learn nothing, she might gain some information, which, in conjunction with that already known, would prove vitally important.

"But you can only do so at the risk of your comfort, and by exposure to the insult of his proposals," he said. "You can learn nothing sufficient to repay you, in my opinion, for such a loss."

"And do you suppose it possible for me to indulge in comfort and enjoyment, and you in danger? Would there be any peace for me if I could sit down and do nothing while there is even a possibility of my aiding you?"

"But, dear Marie, I hope myself to be able to unwind this tangled thread."

"Hopes are not realizations, Robert. Your efforts may prove of no effect. Who knows but that I may be able to put you on the track of discovery."

"If you do I will vow that you have saved my life, and will owe you a redoubled love on that account."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BIRD FLOWN.

But we must leave the lovers to their woodland tête-à-tête, and return to Henry Ogden. After leaving Marie at Mrs. Hamilton's he had gone straight toward Glendale, following a short cut across fields that led to his residence.

On reaching the road again he found a man standing there, whose appearance was familiar to him, though he was prevented by a heavy black beard from recognizing Dusky Sol at the first glance.

"I've been a-waiting for you, Mr. Ogden," said the latter. "I've got something as I want to say to you."

"Nothing serious, I hope? There has nothing happened?" asked Ogden, in an alarmed tone.

"No. It's something that's going to happen, that's all."

"Come out of the road here. It is too public. We will have our talk out behind the hedge."

With a spring over the fence he was back again into the field, followed more leisurely by the tramp. Here a short length of hedge hid them from the road.

"Now, sir, what brings you here?" asked Ogden, sternly. "Do you not know that it is still dangerous for you to be abroad?"

"I know that I'm done playing mouse in that hole. The thing's pretty well blowed over now, and the perlice don't know me anyhow."

"I thought you were a sharper man than that. Don't trust to their having their eyes shut. How do you know but that they have some of your own friends looking for you?"

"My friends is safe enough. There ain't a man would peach. I don't make friends ont of spotters."

"Do you know that you are talking like a fool now, and not like the man I took you for? Half of them would turn traitor to you for ten dollars."

"Not a bit of it. They'd get their weasand slit, and they knows it, if they tried peaching."

"You have got to continue in hiding," said Ogden, decidedly. "Or else leave the city, and go to some place where you are not known. I will not have any risks run by your going back to your old haunts."

"Now that's talking. I ain't got nothing agin taking a tramp. I ain't been through the country for a year, and would jest like to take a run west."

"That will do, very well. If you will promise to not come back here, for a year at least, I will make it worth your while."

"That's jest to the mark. Hand over the shiners and I'm your covey. I've got my baggage here, and don't have to go back."

He lifted his coat, and showed that he held the fiddle in a bag under his arm.

"That's all settled then. Take care that you don't go back on your word. You will have the police to deal with in the first place, and you may find that a more dangerous matter than you think. In the next place you may not find it very healthy to trifle with me. If a man keeps his word it is all right, but I do not stand any playing."

"Right, gossip. You're straight up and down, you are."

"How about your companion?"

"I left him in bed. Jest a little bit better," replied the tramp, with a hoarse laugh.

"Can you write?"

"I used to swing the pen some, when I was a little covey and went to school."

"Sit down then. Here's paper and pencil. You can take the back of your fiddle for a table. Write what I tell you."

"All right, gossip. Dig in."

"Write this. 'The man who escaped from court, on his trial for murder, is now concealed in the house. No. 477, Slack street. He is acting invalid, and has deceived the people of the house.' Is that down?"

"Yes. But ain't this kind of mean, to blow on the feller that you got off yourself?"

"I don't want him off any longer. Sign that paper. Not with your own name though. I suppose you have a dozen names which you travel under."

"Now there's where you're off the track, gossip. I travels as Sol Brindle, or Dusky Sol for short, and that's a name I never goes back on."

"Put any name to it, I don't care what." The speaker took the paper after it was signed, and carefully folding it placed it in his pocket-book.

"Here is what I promised you," he continued, counting out some money. "This is on condition that you make yourself scarce in this part of the country, for the next year at least. If you fail you will hear something disagreeable about a certain diamond breastpin."

"That's all correck. I'm jest as much at home one place as another. S'long as I've got the shiners in my pocket I cares nothing for nobody."

After a few more words he was off, tramping sturdily along the road leading from the city.

Ogden looked after him with great satisfaction, thinking, probably, that here was one element of danger well disposed of.

He lost no time in putting his scheme into execution. He proceeded, immediately after dinner, to the city, and going to the police office placed the important paper in the hands of the chief.

He told that a rough-looking character had accosted him, saying that he knew the hiding-place of the fugitive, and would sell the knowledge for a consideration. He had paid him for his information, and received this paper in return.

It was a scrawl of almost unreadable character, and spelt with a phonetic brevity that added to the difficulty of deciphering. The chief made out its contents, however, and at once detailed a couple of officers to proceed to the place designated and make the arrest. He was rather inclined to doubt the correctness of the information in spite of his visitor's confidence in it, but acknowledged that that could be best settled by a trial of the place designated.

The informant accompanied the officers, wishing to appear very active in the search for the fugitive.

The house in question was soon reached. The landlady, on opening the door, started back in affright from her unusual visitors.

On being asked concerning her invalid boarder she declared that both he and his companion had gone out the day before and had not returned. That was all she knew about it. Their board was paid up, and they had acted like gentlemen, and she knew nothing more.

The officers insisted on searching the house. But their search proved ineffectual, the bird had indeed flown, and Henry Ogden acknowledged to himself that he had been outwitted.

All that could be done was to place a watch upon the house, in case of the fugitive's possible return.

CHAPTER XX.

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES.

In that district of the good city of Brotherly Love, lying between the southern portions of Seventh and Eighth streets, is a nondescript locality traversed by various unsavory avenues, the principal of which has had its name changed from Bedford to Alaska, for some mysterious reason of the sanitary authorities, as if a kennel by any other name would smell more sweetly.

We would not have the reader imagine that we are going to conduct him into quite so unpleasant a locality as the above-named street. The movements of our characters lead us into that region, but into a somewhat more presentable portion of it. In this locality are haunts not only of the debased and vicious classes, but also of what is known as the dangerous portion of the community. It is traversed by alleys and avenues in which no well-dressed man would be safe for ten minutes after nightfall; where the ordinary way of reaching a man's purse is not the seductive manner of the pickpockets, but the more decided mode of breaking his head first and emptying his pocket afterward.

There are here also characters that rank themselves higher in the scale of lawlessness, persons ranging from the profitable line of business of election repeater to the loftier station of professional burglar. Here a person behind the scenes can obtain the agents for any deed, however dark and dangerous, provided the inducement offered be sufficient to compensate for the risk.

Here it was that Dusky Sol had obtained the agents to aid him in the escape of Robert Merivale; and here he made his head-quarters when not under a cloud, as at present. Plenty such as he resided here, possessed of ostensible means of support, but ever ready for an opportunity to vary their open labors by any profitable secret business.

The detective police were pretty thoroughly acquainted with this region. Here lay a great part of their business, here resided many of their most profitable customers; for, if we may trust common report, their idea of obedience to the law and the prophets leaves out the law and spells prophet with an f.

But then it is never safe to trust common report. It is a notorious falsifier, and has ruined many exemplary reputations. The detective force cannot well know where to lay their hands upon thieves without some previous knowledge of the haunts and habits of the law-breaking fraternity. Of course there are men on the force whose virtue is not proof against the temptations of such a life. But we believe there are others whose aim is to do their duty.

In one of the more respectable streets of the locality mentioned, stands a drinking-saloon, having on its sign-board the significant title of "The Shades."

Into the ever-open door of this shadowy establishment the seekers after liquid ruin flock numerously—for it is a noted resort of this class—and have retailed to them over the bar the poisonous beverage required, in its most fiery and undisguised form.

But this is simply the outward aspect of The Shades. It keeps good liquor, as well as the peppery mixture alluded to, and has a class of customers widely different from the scottish crew mentioned.

These enter at a private door and find their way to an apartment in the rear of the house, out of sight and hearing of the front bar-room.

Into this private domain we will conduct the reader, on an occasion a day or two after the events just narrated.

It is a large room, fitted to open into a summer garden during the warm season, and to close into a covered apartment in the winter.

Its furniture consists of a number of wooden tables, with chairs surrounding, a bar well garnished with plethoric bottles, and back of these a row of huge casks, labelled with the various names of the enemy that steals men's wits.

There is here nothing of the gaudy or fanciful. All is plain and substantial, the class of customers that frequent this room knowing little of, and caring nothing for, the amenities of life.

It is well filled this October evening, by a loud-talking, vicious-faced set of customers, most of them rather the worse for liquor, and making little secret of their mode of life.

Many of these men are well-dressed, some of them handsome, and such as, in other localities, would not be suspected of being other than honest gentlemen. But in the relaxation induced by liquor and a sense of their surroundings, the inherent vice of their natures shows on their faces, and still more evidently in their speech. Oaths and obscenity garnish their language to an extent that renders the place a very pandemonium.

These men display jewelry to a profuse extent, and have a certain "loudness" in their whole outward aspect—the certain sign, to experienced eyes, of a lack of the culture and taste of the native gentleman.

They are not all well-dressed, however. Some are rude enough in their attire, men whose line of business does not require outward display, or who have been reduced by ill-luck into the wearing of less ostentatious raiment.

It is noticeable, too, that these men are frequently quieter and less profane in speech than their showy neighbors. The latter are, probably, forced to restrain themselves during their business hours, and their behavior during these hours of strain.

relaxation is but a reaction from re-

At one of these tables sat, on the evening mentioned, two men, one an oldish, plainly-dressed personage, on whose face the marks of long-continued dissipation were deeply stamped. He had a roving, suspicious eye, and a mouth so covered by a heavy, grizzled moustache, that it was only visible when opened for the entrance of his frequent potations.

There was something about his general appearance significant of one who has spent part of his life on the ocean, a certain looseness of dress and manner which the sailor is apt to display on land.

His companion was more decidedly sailor-like. His dress was that of one who has lately landed, after long buffetting with the ocean; and his face, above the heavy beard that concealed all its lower portions, was embrowned as if by the fierce fervor of the sun of the tropics.

It was, very likely, a community of pursuit that had brought them together, for their conversation showed that they were strangers to each other.

The first mentioned had been imbibing rather profusely, and was evidently the worse for his potations. He leaned over the table and grasped the other heartily by the hand.

"See here, stranger," he cried, with a thickened utterance, "ye're a brick, a whole brick, from top to bottom. I've been thar, too, and I've seed jest that thing, and the man as says it's a lie, jest tell him I'm his hoss."

"Good for you, messmate," replied the other, returning the clasp with interest. "I'll take a double-reef in his upper rigging myself. See here, there's not a smell left in our glasses. What's your tipple?"

"Old rye for me. That's the milk I was weaned on, and I ain't a-going to tackle dish-water now."

The other looked at him with an observant, questioning eye, and then shook his head despairingly.

"I'd give a year's pay if I had a canvas throat and a cast-iron head like you. I got touched with the sun once, off the south of Jamaica, and my head's been shaky ever since. Bring me a light punch, shipmate, and a guzzle of your best rye for my friend."

"Ye've got a poor head, mebbe, for tipple, but it's level, I'll back you on that. What mought be your name?"

"On deck they call me Bill Brace. I'll answer to that hail."

"And I'm Joe Roper, at your service. Tip us your dipper, boss, ye're jest the man for me."

"Ever been round the Horn?" asked Brace, as they again shook hands.

"Bet I have! Went out on the old Susanna, a three year whaling trip. Ever go for ile?"

"I've put the harpoon in more right whales than you've got fingers and toes; with a sprinkling of sperm. Here's to the old fishing-grounds!"

"Same to you, neighbor," cried Roper, as he tossed off his glass of strong whisky with a facility that gave warrant for his companion's admiration.

"Ye're a young hoss to have kicked yer heels in so many ports. How come ye to drift inter this shanty? It ain't every body as knows the ropes."

"I've been here afore. Philadelfy's my headquarters—and there's not much in it that I ain't got the pass to. Why, blast it, stranger, I and an old crony of mine, has made many a night of it here."

"Well, this is jest the place for respectable fellers to spend a quiet hour, that I'll say," replied Roper, casting an eye of genuine admiration upon the noisy, drinking and smoking crew, that made the whole place ring with their uproar. "If thar's a place in Philly as can hold a candle to The Shades, I'll sell my head for half price."

"It's a good opening for a small party, that's sure. And a nice spot for to tell your secrets. A nor'easter on a rocky shore can't beat them much. Yes, messmate, I've spliced the main-brace often here. I wish I knew what's become of my old crony."

"Were he a salt-water native, like yerself?"

"No, he was fresh as a soaked mackerel. Come three years last month since we hobnobbed here together. I've been afloat for a good long spell this last cruise, and have smelt salt air all the way round by Hong Kong and 'Frisco."

"Mebbe I can foller the track you've dropped. What mought be your messmate's name, now?"

"It's a bit ahead of me to tell what's his name now. He's a feller as has got a new shipping name for every port. A man as sails close to the law, you know, has got to h'ist false colors when the enemy's on his weather-side."

"Bully for you, hoss. That's true as preaching. Twixt you and me," and he lowered his voice to a whisper, "thar ain't many here but has fair weather and foul weather names. What did yer crony hail from?"

"From all the p'ints of the compass, I reckon. He was jest as hard to fix as a shifting wind. Tom Brown—that's the name he sailed under then—was a feller as knew the world. There weren't many p'ints in Ameriky he hadn't touched."

"I've knowed a good sprinkle of Browns—but none as quite toes that mark."

"He had a name of his own, which he wore in fair weather. I s'pose that's what he's best known by. The last time I seen him there was a head wind, and blowing great gales. He had to h'ist a new name aloft, and scud for it. It was about that time I shipped for the Chiny v'yage, and I've jest touched shore agin."

"Mebbe I mought ha' knowed his t'other name. Jerk it out lively, my lad, and let me see if I've got it down in my log-book."

"It was a sort of queer name. They called him—"

"Hallo! Roper, old hyena, haul in them long pins of yourn, and let a feller flop down alongside. How's the wind aloft, my hearty? Got yer royals rigged for a breeze from Jamsiky? How blows it, old durn my eyes an' shiver my timbers? Just anchored, hey?"

The new comer, who so unceremoniously broke into their conversation, was a rough, swaggering individual, with a roll in his gait as if he had just stepped from shipboard. Indeed he seemed to be doing the sailor as a line of business, and greatly overdoing it. His last question was addressed to Brace, as he fell heavily into a seat at the same table, and jammed his hat fiercely down over his low brow.

"What's your sailing colors, stranger?" briefly asked Brace, looking keenly at this loud representative of the profession.

"'Tween decks they calls me Jem Bowline. But I generally answers to Black Jem. Tip us your hail, messmate."

"Bill Brace; afloat or ashore, I never goes back on it."

"That's hearty. Ever smelt salt in a hurryoane?"

"Yes, and in a typhoon, which would blow your hurryoane clean out of water. When I were in the Sintram, off Borneo, she were puffed ashore jest like a bit of straw in a gale. The Dyaks come down on us in a flock, hunting heads, and I only saved mine by my heels."

"Fling over your flipper, hoss. What's your tipple?"

"A pony of punch for me."

"Whew! you ride light for a nor'-easter. What d'ye drink, Joe?"

"Whisky straight, and hot as blazes. I want the slush you kin taste as it goes down. None of yer 'fly tipple as you never feel till it gits in yer head."

"You're the boss, old cast-iron;" and he commenced vigorously pounding the table, to make himself heard by the waiter above the multitudinous noises of the room.

"See here, Brace," said Roper. "Jem's the man can fix you off. He knows everybody—and particularly them as sails under false hunting."

"You bet," said Jem, sententiously, as he finished giving his orders to the waiter. "Did yer know a feller hailin' as Tom Brown, who used to sail in these parts about three years back?" asked Roper. "Brace, here, has jest dropped anchor in this part, and he's hunting up old blood."

"Tom Brown!" cried Jem, indignantly. "Yer mought as well ax after John Smith. I've knowed a dozen of them. Some as had been christened when they was launched, and some as had h'isted a new name astern out of sight of land. What's yer Brown like? Was he a red-headed, sandy-whiskered little cuss; or a great, bushy-headed, black-maned divil, as would pass for a pirate in the Spanish main?"

"No—he was a well-built, brown-haired chap, with a face that looked as if it had been filed into shape, and left rough. No whisker worth speaking of, and a trifle of a squint in the right eye."

"Let me see," said Jem, thoughtfully. "I've got such a feller afloat afore me. But I never heerd him called Brown."

"Brace says he were launched under another name, which he were jest about peeling out, when in you comes, like a roaring old bull, as you are," said Roper. "Come, Bill, let's have her. I'll bet a cow Jem an' I atween us kin lay him out for ye."

"Belay there now a minute," cried Jem. "Here's the slush, an' a durned long time a-getting here, too. I'm jest as dry as a cruiser in the low latitudes, as has been calmed for a month. Here's your health, Bill Brace. Long life to ye, plenty of shot in the locker, and a good-looking sweetheart in every port."

"Same to yerself, Black Jem, and Joe Roper. Good fellers both. Here's may yer never have a head wind, and always sport clean hunting."

"You're my boss, Brace," replied Roper. "Yer a man, every inch, from mast-head to keel."

"Now jest jerk out yer crony's name," said Jem, as they replaced their empty glasses on the table. "If he's ever hove anchor in these latitudes, I'll go a marlin-spike I can twig him."

"His launching name was—"

But the fates seemed to be against this name being spoken. For Brace was again interrupted by a person who had just entered, and who dropped into the only vacant chair at the table, with a brief greeting to the group.

Brace started as he noticed this newcomer. He immediately recovered himself, however, and viewed him with an indifferent eye. The reader may feel inclined to start also, for he last saw this person with his face turned to the west, and a promise to put Philadelphia behind him.

It was none other than Dusky Sol, and without disguise, he having removed his false whiskers and put them in his pocket on his way in.

He looked carelessly round at the group, simply noticing Brace, and nodding to the others as to familiar friends.

"Well, I'll go oats if yere ain't a stranger!" cried Jem. "How d'ye do, boy? Whar have ye been? Ont with your log-book; let's hear from you."

"Been nowheres and doing nothing," was the non-committal reply, uttered in a gruff tone.

"You been, I bet, where they don't sell good swig. You want your tongue 'iled," said Roper. "What'll you drink?"

"Let me ax him that," said Brace. "It's my treat."

"Who are you, gossip?" asked Sol, roughly. "Never seed your phiz afore in my born days."

"A full-blooded Jack, jest ashore, and out on a land cruise," said Roper.

"And what the thunder brung him here?"

"My feet, my face, and my tongue," said Brace, defiantly. "If you s'pose I don't know any ropes out of a ship's rigging, you're barking up the wrong tree, shipmate. Come, what'll you take?"

"I'll take Bourbon, and pay for it, too. I'm flush to-day, gossips, and ain't a-going to step in without paying my footing. This way, waiter. Take these gentlemen's orders, and take it out of that."

He flung a five-dollar bill on the table, and looked round defiantly, as if daring any one to supplant him in paying. Sol had evidently been drinking before he came in, and was much the worse for liquor. He was in that phase of drunkenness that makes men quarrelsome, or develops some other special bent of character in them.

The others accepted his offer to treat without further opposition, and amity was restored over their potations.

They were all by this time getting about "half seas over," with the exception of Brace, who, unseen by the others, had emptied the greater portion of his liquor on the floor. He affected, however, to be equally tipsy with the others.

For a half-hour longer this orgy continued, the whole room keeping in a most confusing bustle, while there was a constant entrance and exit of its inmates.

Dusky Sol, as we know him, seemed to be known here under a different appellation; or else had assumed a new alias since he had been last inquired for by the police. He was addressed by his present companions only as Blake.

Mr. Blake they often made it, showing an unwonted degree of respect, for the parties in the room seldom got any shape of a handle to their names.

This respectful address may have arisen from another cause—namely, the tendency to give him his usual title, and an unusual care, in consequence, to give only his assumed name.

For, though the present occupants of the room were all safe, it was a place well known to the police, and it was no uncommon event for them to enter, both in and out of uniform, both on and off of duty. Parties under suspicion then dared not relax their vigilance too much here, for the wrong ears might at any time be within hearing.

"Play any game, Brace?" asked Sol. "We moight as well take a turn with the keerds."

"Old Sledge," replied Brace.

"I'm with you for that," said Jem. "You and me, Bill, against Joe and Mr. Blake. Bring us a full deck here, boy, and be spry now, will yer?"

Brace looked round with surprise, as he had once or twice before, at this respectful address to the new-comer. It evidently puzzled him to know why they spoke in such a manner to a man as rough and rude as themselves, and whom they had addressed, once or twice, rather insolently.

The game was first for drinks, and was won by Brace and his partner, Sol indulging in oaths at his ill luck.

"Blast me if I kin let myself out for a glass of toddy," he cried. "Put up a stake, and I'll show you the vartue of the keerds. What shall it be? A dollar pool, or as much more as you dare go."

"That's agin rules, and I reckon yer don't want to be told that," said Jem. "'No gambling allowed.' Thar it is, in black and white. I ain't afeard to lead up to yer, boy, but rules is rules."

"Rules be blowed!" cried Sol, contemptuously. "You daren't take it up. Keep your money in yer pocket till the game's over, and you can fork out then, I s'pose."

"I'm agreeable," said Brace, shilfully shuffling the cards.

They all agreed, and the game was carefully entered into, the fact of there being a small stake rendering them all cautious in their play.

It went, as before, against Sol and his partner. They duly handed over their losses to the others, the former swearing profusely against his luck, and evidently growing irritated, more from the liquor he had swallowed than from any other reason.

"It's my liquor," said Roper, calling up drinks, as the cards were being again shuffled.

"A full swig of Bourbon for luck," cried Sol, as he emptied his glass at a draught. "You're gone suckers now, my boys. Play to the ace."

The ten fell to this lead, and his next lead with the king brought the jack out of Jem's hand.

"That's the swing," he cried, in high glee, laughing uproariously. "Here's the dence. How's that, gossip? Score high, low, jack and game for Blake and company."

His mirth was rather premature. The next hand scored three points for his antagonists, the next three more to his one, and on the fourth deal Jem turned up jack, scoring seven points and winning the game.

"A cheat, by thunder!" cried Sol, leaping up excitedly. "From the bottom of the pack, or I'm a liar!"

"Then you're a blasted liar!" roared Jem, leaping up in equal wrath. "Darn your eyes, Sol, do you think I care shucks for you that you jump up agin me?"

Bill Brace started on hearing the assumed Mr. Blake addressed by this name, and would have turned pale but for his embrowned complexion.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 32.)

The Paper Weight.

This is the way an Indiana editor gets rid of persevering feminines: "We gently, and, as it were, unconsciously pushed a paper weight toward the end of the table, where she sat. Directly it attracted her attention. She looked at it, took it up, looked more earnestly, and then, laying it gently down, she calmly rose, gathered her ample skirts about her, and straightway took her leave, not even saying good-bye. Certainly nothing was further from our intention than to give offence. We merely wished to attract her attention to the paper weight as a work of art. We regard it as a fine work of art, and value it solely for that reason; but the effect it has on some visitors is remarkable and inexplicable. It is a small slab of crystal, through which may be seen a sketch representing a skeleton, surrounded by this legend: 'This unfortunate editor was talked to death.'"

☞ An exasperated Philadelphian is rushing around with an unshaven face, and demanding to know if these women will never learn anything. The slight cause for all his mental disturbance is found in the fact that one of his daughters had used one of his razors to cut maple sugar with, and another had taken its mate to sharpen her lead-pencil with, while his wife had rendered his shaving brush somewhat too stiff for its original purpose by using it in gluing some broken furniture.

SHADOWS.

The clouds hang heavy round my way,
I cannot see;
But through the darkness, I believe,
God leadeth me.
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His,
While all is dim;
To close my weary, aching eyes,
And follow Him.

Through many a thorny path He leads
My tired feet;
Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet
To know that He is close to me,
My God, my Guide.
He leadeth me, and so I walk
Quite satisfied.

To bliss I may eyes He may reveal
No light at all,
But while I lean on His strong arm
I cannot fall.

EDITH BOURNE.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

There was a garden party at Periwinkle Place, and the great, handsomely laid-out, ornamented lawn, looked prettier than ever in the red autumn afternoon light. The young people were scattered about in groups; some of them on rustic chairs, some at the table, and some strolling up and down under the trees; the ladies in pretty, fanciful dresses, with flowing veils and scarfs, and trailing grasses in their hair; the gentlemen, with broad-brimmed hats, and flowers in their button-holes, looking a little bored; but all of them trying to seem happy, and talking merriest nonsense in different minor voices.

All but one; for while the tinkling music of the mingled voices grew louder on the lawn, Edith Bourne, the youngest daughter of the mistress of the place, stood alone on the verandah, looking with a grave, disappointed face, across the grounds to where two persons, a lady and gentleman, were standing quite still by a bed of tall, late lilies. "That poor, plain Edith," as she had many times been spoken of in contrast with her lovelier sister Laura; and certainly now, with that cloud in her big, dark gray eyes, and with her preoccupied manner, she did not look very pretty. But the worst of it was, that a pitiful consciousness of not being lovely, of looking conspicuously small and plain by the side of her gay companions, brought the tears to her eyes and the dullness to her manner this soft, bright afternoon.

But there were times when the reserved power came out. Some sudden emotion would make her sparkle like a diamond—her face would lose its wise self-distrust, her speech its listlessness, and she was then more than beautiful; she was magnetic. Johnny Wilbur knew this; he had seen her more than once in her brighter moments, and knew her power. He saw her now, standing alone on the verandah, her green dress mingling with the foliage of the hanging crapero, and he came running up the steps to speak with her.

"Why do you stay up here alone? Come down with me on the terraces: it is much nicer, and a great deal better company."

Edith sat down on a stone seat and leaned her head wearily back against the wall, her curly hair all falling down on her shoulders.

"I am so tired, and my head aches. How can you think it is nice? But I hate garden parties, anyway," she said, crossly.

Johnny, who was a blonde youth, of twenty-two summers, and who was cherished among his mates as a "good fellow," looked out over the scattered company, and laughed at Edith's confession.

"I wonder how many of them would say that. What a splendid view of them we have here. There is Alice Brandon eating ices and dragging that long, tired-looking Captain Ashley after her. Willy Brandon and Nelly Brown have quarrelled. I heard them. See how black they are looking. But where is the lovely Laura? Oh there she is, picking lillies; and look! pray, pray look! She has got that conceited piece of finery, Stuart Rifler, dangling over her fingers. I say, Edith, is it a conquest? How came he here?"

"How should I know?" replied poor Edith, shutting her eyes wearily. We met him at the Cape last summer, and afterward up among the mountains somewhere. We saw quite a good deal of him. I think Captain Ashley must have brought him out in his tandem."

"I shouldn't wonder. It doesn't matter, only he is a dreadful bore; always wanting to sketch somebody; and calls himself an artist."

Edith sat up now, with a flash of excitement in her dangerous gray eyes—

"I don't agree with you," she said, in a high voice. "I think he is a gentleman, and very interesting. He has been everywhere—and certainly he talks very well. He talks of things that interest one."

"Oh! does he? Then I beg your pardon. But I have heard him talk of painting—of Alpine effects—of a Claude Lorraine haze, like an imbecile. Even that drawling Captain Ashley owns that he is a snob."

"I don't care for Captain Ashley's opinions; and I don't care whether Stuart Rifler knows anything about painting or not. But I do remember that he was very kind to me last summer. Ah! you do not know what it is, Johnny, to go about feeling miserable and home-sick, with no one to speak kindly to you, day after day, as I do."

Edith was sitting up very straight, now, talking rapidly, and with a little red spot in her cheeks which made her face look wonderfully bright.

"You know we went to the White Mountains last summer with Aunt Ellen. I hate her, with her smooth voice and long, brassy nose, and her calculating brains. She made me miserable, for she seemed to think it was through some bad management on my part that I came to grow up so small and plain; and that I should be punished for it. Well! I got so thoroughly tired of myself that I believe I should have run away in disgrace, if it had not been for Stuart Rifler. He seemed to see how matters stood, and he was very good to me. He talked, and walked, and rode with me. He even danced twice with me one evening.—something he would not do for anyone else; not even Laura. So you must not abuse him again before me."

"Poor little Edith!" said Johnny, looking down with something more than admiration in his simple heart, for the little girl who was so valorously defending her one friend; her shining eyes, and tender face, all alive with gratitude and remembrances of things past and gone.

"I will try and like him for your sake, after this. Have you spoken with him this afternoon?"

He was so gentle and patient that the poor little forlorn girl was moved to strange confidences.

"No!" said Edith, strangling a great sigh and looking mistfully up in his friendly face. "I wanted to speak to him, but he has been with Laura all the time since he came. And now I have such a headache that Aunt Ellen said, a few moments before you came up, I had better go to my room, I was such a fright. I suppose I am looking dull and ill-natured, but I shall stay just to worry Aunt Ellen; she is so spiteful."

And the poor child, feeling gloomy and ill-used and solitary, leaned her dark curly head against the wall and shut her eyes to keep back some miserable tears. All her life long she had been learning the bitter lesson of humiliation. She had seen her sister Laura grow up a beautiful maiden, admired, deferred to, petted and followed, while she, the elder, had been set aside and forgotten. She wondered sometimes if there were any sadder sorrow than to sit, a plain, silent girl, with keen quick sympathies and high intelligence, and fine poetic brain, and see love and friendship and kindly esteem pass by on the other side. She thought there could not be.

Only three or four of Edith Bourne's best friends knew how, in rare moments, she turned beautiful and threw the glamor of her light on all about her. Just as a dull, faintly colored bit of crystal, when you hold it up between you and the sun, kindles with warm fine color, and colors everything which, through it, you look upon. Possibly Stuart Rifler was one of those friends. Of a certainty Johnny Wilbur was, and he now stood looking down at her, perplexed and uncertain what to say to comfort her. She looked up and spoke in a low voice, with an expression half of jest, half of earnestness.

"Do you believe there is a secret, but powerful art, by which women can possess themselves of beauty—personal beauty? I wish there were, and that I could know what it is. Diana of Poictiers was said to own the charm—and to look young and fair at seventy. Oh, what would I not give to know such an art! why, I would give the whole of my fortune, and it is considerable, or will be when Grandmama Bourne dies, if I could be as beautiful as Phryne for one day—after that I could afford to die. Do you believe it, Johnny? Do you believe there is, or ever was, a subtle art, by which at some great cost a woman could purchase beauty of person—an enchanting face?"

She leaned forward and looked up at him with her hands clasped together on her lap, her eyes wide and bright, almost reckless with excitement; her whole face brightened for a brief moment with the vain beauty that she coveted so much.

Johnny looked at her with gentle amazement in his blue eyes.

"I am sure I don't know. I have read of such things, but I should call it all nonsense. The best recipe I know for beauty is—well, Edith—a bright smile and a cheerful temper. As for a pretty face, why, Edith, when you are in one of your bright moods—when you talk and laugh, you are just as much prettier than Laura with her little straight features and yellow wig, as a Greek woman would be prettier than an Abyssinian—though that is not a fair comparison. You are not offended, Edith?"

Edith bit her lip and sat still for a moment with her head bent down; then she jumped up from her seat blushing, and looking sorry and troubled and ashamed.

"Forgive me for being so ill-natured; for keeping you here listening to my complaints. Shall we go down to the garden? Where is Laura? I should like to find her, and to speak with Stuart Rifler."

She was trembling, and she spoke in a shrill, nervous voice; but she picked up her little white hat and tied it on, the ribbons rustling a little in her slim, cold fingers, and then taking Johnny's arm she walked firmly off down the terraces, trying to look animated like the others.

It was ever so pretty a picture which they looked down upon. Fair ladies stood up in groups, their rich, bright-colored dresses trailing over the grass, their flowing hair bound round with sprays of lovely autumnal creepers and reddened leaves of holly, their golden trinkets gleaming, their sweet voices sounding strangely mellow in the soft, still air; some children were playing at the farther end of the garden by an artificial pond, and singing high, shrill nursery-rhymes, in their games. Tables were scattered here and there, while servants went back and forth from the house to the garden with tea and coffee, sweet home-made biscuit, and all kinds of gold-colored and snow-white cakes and confections. Then strips of venison, and cold salmon with a wonderful dressing, were there, too; and on one table a cluster of long, slim bottles with crystal glasses attending, and jars of pounded ice, were not least attractive, perhaps, to masculine eyes. It was all bright, and glad, and natural.

Edith, in her sudden transition from high excitement to her present calm mood, felt herself grow chilly, though the warm sunshine was yet streaming over the lawn. She asked Johnny to get her shawl, and he went back to the house, leaving her standing there alone. He found a servant-woman in the hall who gave him Edith's soft, bright-colored plaid; but on his way to rejoin his companion he was stopped by an ancient dame who took occasion to ask after the Wilburs, senior, nodding over their fire and religious books at home. He answered patiently, and got away as speedily as might be; but once again on the lawn he found things much changed on the surface.

Edith was still standing on the long, quaintly-carved stone terrace, but she was now talking with life, spirit, beauty in her sallow face, to Stuart Rifler. Surely there was attraction enough in her manner then to compel even that esthetic Mr. Rifler's deferential homage; and he evidently was willing enough to linger there, but just then Laura, who was with them, inquired plaintively for tea. Johnny hurried up, stifling, like the good fellow he was, his own desire for Edith's company with the wish to give her pleasure, and wrapped the shawl about her shoulders.

"Miss Edith says she hates garden-parties," he said to Mr. Rifler, while fastening the silver clasp in the girl's shawl. "I wish you could make her think, as the rest of us do, that a party in the Periwinkle Gardens is a joy forever—as long as it lasts."

Then he good-naturedly gave his arm to Laura and carried her off to the delights of hot, sweet tea and macaroons, while Edith walked with Stuart Rifler, and thought of good Johnny no more.

Periwinkle Place was celebrated for its gardens, and Mrs. Bourne, the present lovely, gentle mistress of the place, was celebrated for her garden-parties. More than one young matron dated the beginning of her happiness back to the time when she walked with Willy, or Frank, or Charley, whichever it might be, down the terraces and listened to the voice which made the only music she cared for in the world.

The house itself was modern, but the gardens were the work of the first of the Bournes, who was of foreign birth, and had kept tender remembrances of the fantastic embarassments and quaint conceits of stone-work, of the carved old wooden gables and turrets, and dim, solemn sleepy shadows about the queer old casements and gateways in the deserted towns where he had lived before he brought his fortunes to the new world, and wrought them out faintly here.

Through this enchanted atmosphere Stuart Rifler walked, looking at the straight, slim figure by his side; he heard the soft slipping of her green silk dress over the stones, the quick, light sound of her little feet stepping by him, and he bent his head more to catch the sound of her voice than to hear what she was saying in her sparkling way. As for her, she scarcely looked once at him; it was enough to know that he was there, strong, confident, assured, a tall, stout figure in black, wearing on his coat some kind of a mysterious decoration, a badge given him by some academy abroad; his head, with its profusion of reddish hair and beard, usually carried so high, now bent down to her own with a gentle, deferential manner, which won all of her solitary, loving heart.

So, while the rest laughed and chatted noisily, stirring great cups of black tea and pretending to like it, and heaping up sugar and cream on little China dishes of fruit, they two—Stuart and Edith—walked on quite to the great open gate, through which they could see the dusty road beyond, and the farm-houses with wreaths of smoke curling out of the high brick chimneys. Surely it was an enchanted evening. They heard the rush of water on the other side of the wall. Some teamsters drove up with great heavily-laden wagons, and there was a great clamping and slipping of the horses' hoofs over the wet, loose stones, as they were driven up to the troughs to drink and then away, the drivers shouting to each other noisily, and jerking up the weary beasts as they stumbled on the rough way.

The painter folded his arms and stood looking over the garden with a sense of keen enjoyment. His mind went back to his paint-pots, and he began to plan a picture in which he could introduce the purple and yellow sky, the picturesque garden and the waving lines of light.

Sometimes he talked to his friends in a high, decided way about the laws of true art, and they were apt to call him a snob and laugh at him when his back was turned. But he was a wonderful painter for all that, and had a great reputation among the Germans, who have a keen love for the supernatural. People who came to his rooms to look at his pictures were pretty sure to stare and smile at first; then they looked again, wondered, and in the end carried one off. Women who lived monotonous lives in shut-up houses, never going abroad and knowing nothing of the world, liked his pictures, for they never palled; they always told the same wild, bright, startling story. They were like books, telling chapter after chapter of love and despair, and religion and tender truth.

Edith had one of these pictures, and she was never tired of looking at it, though there was a mystery and a sadness about it that made her shiver. It was a picture of a woman in a black dress, with a golden cross on her bosom, walking up the steep, sunny street of an old seaport city. She was holding to her side a little child with one hand, and the other hand was raised to shade her eyes as her face was turned with a hopeless expression to a monastery far up among the hills. The high, peaked roofs of the houses on one side seemed toppling their shadows over her. On the other side was a crumbling sea-wall, and boats moved in the shadow, while long ripples of red light flashed under the water like firebrands. It was like all of Rifler's pictures, full of suggestions of something unexpressed. There was gloom about the woman, and gloom hanging like a pall over the distant monastery—you could fancy bells were tolling there, and hooded monks passing up and down the corridors; but a wonderful waving light was in the water and the upper sky.

"I like this place," said Rifler, coming out of his revery, his brown eyes shining, his fine, keen, artist-face all alive with admiration. "If I were not going away, I should like to come and make a picture of it; I should like to paint that green old stone walk, with you, dear Edith, walking there with a child in your arms. You have just that wondering, questioning, almost frightened look sometimes, like a young mother who is almost afraid of the first child she carries in her arms. Yes, some time I will come back and paint you so."

"Going away?" repeated Edith, with a faltering voice. "Are you going away from here?—from America?"

"Yes! I shall go to the city in the steamer to-morrow night. From there I am going to Munich to meet a friend, and we have ever so many plans after that. I hardly know where we shall go first. We have planned a good deal of work."

Edith stood looking at him, aghast, pale, disappointed, with wide open gray eyes. Then she burst into tears.

"I think you are cruel," she said, flashing at him with angry eyes. "Most cruel to talk of going away now; after I have waited so long for you to come. Ah!—it is like you—you are like all other men—you only make promises to break them. You forget everything."

"My dear child," said Rifler, with a sudden grave earnestness that became him well. "Don't you know that you could never be happy with me? I remember all the happy hours we passed together last summer; I remember all our fond, foolish talk—but I feel too kindly toward you to ask you to share my vagabond fortunes. I could never make you happy!—never! I am too uncertain, too much of a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Oh, no! no!" cried Edith, clasping her hands tightly together. "I should be happy with you anywhere, in any place, if you would take me with you. You asked me first, you know," she said, lifting her head proudly. "You asked me if I would go with you, if I could always be happy with you, and live for your sake a wandering life. You cannot have forgotten that! I have not seen a pleasant day since then. I have only lived waiting for you; and the horrible fear that you might not come after all was dreadful."

Poor little Edith! she was pleading out of the depths of a great fear. This man had once been very good and tender to her, and she had given the whole of her undisciplined heart to him. It was the very intensity and greatness of her love that made her forget everything else through fear of being forsaken and left to her lonely lot again, and she was desperate for a moment.

"Well! well!" said Rifler, gently, "if it comes to this you must go with me to-morrow. I will deal honorably and tenderly with you—but think twice before you decide. I shall always have money enough for our needs, but you must be content with quiet rooms and quiet dress, and little society. You must be ready to go with me from place to place at uncertain times, and in uncertain ways. We shall lead a wild, romantic, vagabondish life, my Edith. Could you be happy? With me? Are you sure?" His voice was almost sad.

Her soft gray eyes grew luminous in the sunshine. "Oh, most happy!" she cried, "most happy always if I can be with you."

They talked for some time after this, making rapid plans; then as the others, having eaten all the chicken and salad, and drank all the champagne and ice-water that was good for them, began to stroll about, while some looked curiously over at the truant couple, Rifler looked at his watch and said that he must go.

"I won't wait for Ashley," he said. "I can go out at this gate and get a cab to take me down to the city. Ashley won't be out till nine o'clock, at the best—he dandles so—and I have plenty of work to do between now and sundown. Mind that you go to bed early, Edith; get a good night's sleep by all means; don't get nervous, and all will be well. I shall come for you at noon, promptly." Then, the company being too close by to permit an affectionate leave-taking, he lifted his hat and went down the path through the gate out of sight.

All this time, Johnny Wilbur, ill at ease and suspicious, was doing his best to be agreeable to the lovely Laura, supplying her with chicken and fruit and hot drink. He saw Rifler's sudden departure; and then, Laura having found other support, he stood a little apart and watched Edith come rapidly up the open ground toward him. She held up her long dress with one hand; the other haging by her side grasped some big, torn lilies, which Rifler had given her. She hurried up to Johnny and put her hand through his arm, laughing nervously.

"Oh, Johnny! I am so tired!—and hungry, too. Am I too late? Can you get me something to eat? and some drink? I am so very, very thirsty." It was as much as she could do to keep her voice steady.

Dear, generous fellow. He forgot his jealousy and wounded love at once, and was full of thoughtful care for her comfort. He bustled around and got the best he could out of the tumbled remnants of the feast. Then, noticing her trembling hands and the scared, wild look in her eyes, he made her sit down, while he stood by her, holding her plate.

Suddenly she put down her teacup, and looking up with tears rolling down her face, she caught hold of his hand and kissed it.

"Johnny, Johnny!" she sobbed; "the dearest, kindest friend I ever had, except one. You have always been good to me, and I shall always love you—always! Remember that, Johnny—won't you?"

He looked down at her with astonishment at first; then he drew his hand quickly away, an angry flush coming into his face.

"What does this mean?" he asked, sharply. "You are acting very strangely. What is the matter with you? Are you going to run away with that fellow, Rifler?"

She stared at him for a moment through her tears; then she burst into an excited laugh, and hung down her head.

"How easy it ought to be to go wrong since it is so easy to be suspicious," she said, ungraciously. "I was only thinking how kind it was in you to stay here with me, when all the rest are gone. Don't be angry, Johnny! It is so seldom one speaks kindly to me that I cannot afford to offend you."

He melted at once. "You know, Edith," he said, "if you would marry me, no one should ever speak unkindly to you again."

"Oh, no! Don't talk of that now. I cannot marry you. Ah, you are looking suspicious again. As to my running away with Mr. Rifler, I shall not go just yet. Be sure I shall sleep under my mother's roof one more night, at any rate."

"Whether you go to-night, or any other time, with that man, Edith, let me tell you that you are putting your trust in one who, sooner or later, will fail you. Inconstancy is in his nature; perhaps he is not to blame for it. He always looks forward, never behind, and it is just as natural for him to go from one thing to another as it is for a butterfly to flit from flower to flower; always forsaking."

Edith looked frightened and angry. "How wise you are for one so young," she said, at last scornfully. "I don't believe a word you have been saying of him. There, I think I have had supper enough. Shall we go back to our friends? We shall certainly quarrel if we stay here together any longer."

"Won't you have some more tea?" Johnny asked, in his stiffest manner, as much vexed as he ever was in his life, and he stood up with a grand air to wait on her. Then as she did not want anything more, he took her back to the company, and with a few more words, he went away. After he was gone Edith did not wait to see the rest of them off, but ran up into the house and hid herself, and cried.

It was a long, strange night to her. She could not be still, but ran up-stairs and down-stairs, into all of the rooms, to take, she said, a farewell look at them. She went to the piano, and stood over it playing a little pathetic Scotch air; then she began singing the refrain of one of Gerald Griffin's songs—

"My love, my pearl,
My own dear girl,
My mountain maid, arise."

"My love, my love!" she sang it over and over, till Aunt Ellen came down in her night-cap and putting her head in the door asked her, crossly, why she was rousing the whole house at that time of night with her nonsense; she had better be in bed.

At last the morning came, and the hour when she was to be ready to go. She waited and waited, all in vain. For, dear friends, he did not come. He never came to her again. She never knew why he failed to keep his word. She was too proud to ask, to even conjecture about it.

But it was a dreadful shock to her. Pride, disappointment, anger and wounded love, all united to torment her, and threw her into a low, nervous fever, which weakened her dreadfully. Autumn passed and winter was well nigh gone before she went out of the house again, and she had not once heard of, nor from him.

It might have been that when she was out of his sight all thought of her slipped out of his mind. Some new friend and new project may have claimed his attention, or he might at the last moment have realized how utterly unfit he was to make her happy, and so slipped away alone, contemptible for evermore, in one woman's sight at least. It was a long time before Edith recovered from her disappointment and shame; but after awhile she married Johnny Wilbur, who had been her true friend whether she cared or not, and then they went abroad. In spite of herself her life was brightening now, and their future promised to be full of love and gladness and tender peace.

One day in the north of Italy they stopped in a little out-of-the-way village where there was an old church with lovely paintings going to ruin among the hills. They met a party of friends there, and as the weather was good, and the scenery fair, they determined to stop and rest a few days. They were all together in the church, the morning after their arrival, standing in one of the aisles, when a side door opened, and who should come up out of the shadows but Stuart Rifler.

Edith started when she caught sight of him with his dark eyes gleaming out of his pale face and all his reddish hair curling down over his shoulders. Woman-like she made a quick comparison of him to her own husband, big and blonde and full of splendid good nature, and she smiled to herself well satisfied. Mr. Rifler came up, beaming with gracious friendliness.

"My dear Miss Bourne, I am most glad to welcome you here of all places in the world. Of course you have been over the church. A lovely place for twilight saunterings; so full of suggestions to an artist mind. There is a little cloister here, not often opened, which I must show you. Will you come? Ah, do!"

Edith drew back ever so little. "I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Rifler, but I have outgrown all love for twilight saunterings. Besides, I was just going to dinner with my husband, I am exceedingly hungry, and I am afraid we shall be late, too. Good-bye, Johnny dear, are you ready?"

With a ceremonious bow, but half laughing at the situation, she took her husband's arm and walked grandly off, leaving poor Rifler standing there alone with his astonishment, and an indignation too great for words, at treatment so unmerited.

So it came about that in the end she was the first of the two to forget the other. He had no place in her memory after that. But to him, weary at times of his pictures, his Bohemian life and his old Bohemian friends, there would come thoughts of what life might have been, with her by his side, had he kept his word.

He painted his picture of her from memory, and it hangs on his studio wall to-day, veiled from careless eyes. But he will never marry. He says he is wedded to his art. A friend came across him once in the guard-room of a remote military station on the Indian coast. He was reading Browning's Pippa Passes; he complained that at home, in the great crowded cities, in the country even, the world was "too much for him," he could find no time for study, or the real enjoyment of art.

He had his picture of Edith Bourne with him; the face was an inspiration to him, he said; it was like Edith in one of her divine moments; and, he coolly added, that it was what she would always have been under his influence, and could he have had the forming of her character. She might have been made into a glorious woman, in proper hands, but the opportunity went by. She would be like all the rest now; and, shaking his head, he went back with philosophic mind to his book, while Edith in her far-off home was laughing with her children, maybe,—never knowing what heights she missed when her first dream of love failed her long ago.

The Symptoms of Health.—Health has its symptoms as well as disease. The clear eye, the fresh complexion, the steady hand, the firm step, the unclouded brain, briskness of spirits, and a disposition to look on the bright side of anything are indications that the animal machinery is in perfect working order. Happy are they whose running gear of life is in this excellent condition, and fortunate too are they who know how to bring it into such a condition if disarranged. All who have experienced or witnessed the effect of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS upon the weak, broken-down, desponding victims of dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, rheumatism, nervous debility, or premature decay, know that in this supreme tonic and alterative there exists a specific principle which reaches the very source of the trouble and effects of an absolute and permanent cure. *E Pluribus Unum* might be aptly inscribed on the label, for the preparation is a plurality of remedies condensed into one irresistible antidote.

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VIENNA, Austria, Aug. 15, 1873.

To W. G. WILSON, President Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio:

"The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine was awarded the Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the *best Sewing Machine*."

RAYMOND.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1873.

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Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chrome, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

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A FEW MORE DELINQUENTS.—The "Baltimore American" of August 12th copies an article of Max Adeler without giving credit to the POST. Also the "Boston Evening Transcript" of August 15th. Also the "Owego (N. Y.) Gazette" of August 14th. In the "New York Daily Graphic" of Saturday, August 9th, there is a Saratoga letter by a person calling himself Eli Perkins. The wittiest part of the letter is a bodily reprint of an article of Max Adeler, which article also furnishes the subject for two of the illustrations. If this individual, Mr.—ah yes—Perkins, really wishes to set up for a humorist, we might make an arrangement to have the advance sheets of Max's "Observations" sent to him regularly at Saratoga, or New York, or wherever he might be at the time, but we should insist of course upon just credit being given, and also upon the articles being embellished with a rather more artistic style of picture than the "Graphic" now allows him.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

A chap in these parts lately announced himself as a benefactor to the human race. He based his claim to be a benefactor on the ground that he had invented a process by which a man could squeeze about twice as many gallons of whisky out of one bushel of corn as anybody had been able to do heretofore, thus providing free drinks for the million. This blessing was to be brought down through a certain occult black art which involved the manufacture of a mysterious thing called "bi-sulphide," at the same time that it evolved a furious bad smell. I never inquired what "bi-sulphide" was. But I don't think it was anything good to eat. It didn't smell like it.

Well, this brave chap went briskly to work being a benefactor to the human race by preparing to squeeze twice as many gallons of whisky out of a bushel of corn. He set up a pile of machinery big enough for a school-house. He brought together nearly a steamboat-load of diabolical pots, pans and kettles for his devil's kitchen. Then he went to work brewing his broth. People began to hold their noses. Pretty soon they began to grumble. When the wind blew down the river they went to the Health Officer and grumbled. After that they grumbled louder than ever. Still the demented chap kept madly on making bi-sulphide. By and by, the bi-sulphide picked up the pile of machinery, pots, pans and kettles, one morning, and carried it over the town-hall, and most profanely set it down on top of the Presbyterian church. Then the fellow went to making bi-sulphide at the other end of town. As soon as he did that, the wind changed and blew up the river. Then people held their noses again, and grumbled awfully. Still that insane man went on brewing bi-sulphide. One day he blew the top of his head off with bi-sulphide. He had bi-sulphide on the brain, you see. But after he had blown his head off with bi-sulphide, he quit making it. He had become discouraged.

That is the authentic history of a famous modern improvement.

It will stand for the story of an unreckonable number of all the demonish Yankee improvements of these days. It's my honest opinion that modern threshing-machines, buzz sawmills and steamboats murder and mangle up more people than all the old heathen wars ever did. Labor-saving machines are so numerous and various that it takes a most immense amount of labor to run 'em. Your brilliant Yankee can't even let our kitchens and bedrooms alone. He has invaded our very dwelling-houses, and tinkered at them until it is a regular nuisance to live in them, they are so insufferably improved.

Between ourselves, I begin to fear I'm an old fogy. I'd rather be anything on earth than an old fogy, but I'm afraid it'll come to that with me at last. Any way I don't like modern houses. I'd nearly as soon dwell in purgatory as in a house crammed full of those modern improvements. It is a regular abomination of ropes, pipes, sinks, sewers and smells. Hot and cold water all through. No, thank you! I'll none of it. It's all very fine, I dare say, hot and cold water all through, but until the brilliant booby who invented hot and cold water all through, shall insure his pesky water-pipes not to take the tantrums once a week, I think I'll go to the pump. Hot-water pipes fill a house full of nasty roaches, even where they don't take tantrums, and every winter of the world your servant girl neglects the cold-water pipes, and just in the bitterest weather they freeze up and burst, and flood your elegant mansion from parlor to cellar, and you have to tear your house half down to get at the right place, and tackle the pipes up again, all ready for the experiment to be repeated. What situation can be more fearfully tragic than for the master of a household to come down stairs in the morning, thermometer zero, and find his dining-room and kitchen converted into a miniature representation of the flood, without a single Noah's ark for him to set his distressed foot into? And what earthly look-out is there which can make the master of a household more darkly, deeply, beautifully blue than to think of the plumbers' bills which are to follow this horrible mess. After death the judgment, and after bursted water-pipes, the plumbers' bills. And there are the carpets ruined, tempers ruined, no breakfast, and all the family catching no end of snuffles and rheumatisms, besides. How nice and convenient hot and cold water-pipes through your houses are, to be sure!

Also, besides "hot and cold water all through," maybe you have the inexpressible convenience of steam heaters throughout your elegant modern mansion. Half the time the valves won't work at all, and you have no alternative but to shiver around the kitchen stove; if indeed the relentless rage for modern improvements has not driven the good old kitchen stove out of your house, and instead of it, built up in the wall some sort of new-fangled range, which won't give out heat enough to warm a spider. Or if your magnificent steam-heaters don't get out of order some other way, they always leak at the joints, and pour out a flood of scalding steam and water over your Brussels carpet and nice furniture, rendering your fine rooms utterly uninhabitable. I tell you I've seen it many a time. And sometimes the awful steam arrangements blow up and kill folks, and demoralize domestic arrangements in a manner truly shocking to relate. Some grand steam-heaters did that very thing last winter. They were like the man's "bi-sulphide."

But the most ingenious device of Satan to sicken poor mortals out of the world before their time, is that horrible fashion of connecting the waste-pipes of a modern mansion with underground street-sewers. I suppose that one fashion is the cause of more dead people in cities than anybody would believe. It's very nice to have all the slops and waste water of your house sink right down underground out of sight, but unhappily it comes back upon you a hundred fold, comes up through your pipes in the shape of foul sewer gases which fill your elegant mansion with poison, and strike you with death before you know it. Sewer gases have killed more people than gunpowder has. At least that is what the scientific people say, and I'm sure I believe it with all my heart. The good old-fashioned ways are yet the best, in ever so many places and cases. There is sometimes such a thing as too much-ness of a thing.

Look at those wretched complicated nuisances of bed-lounges, bed-trunks, bed-tents, and dear knows what they haven't concocted with the word bed hitched on before it, bed-kitchens, for all I know. Who ever saw one of the things that was any account, or would do what was claimed for it, and wasn't more bother to keep in order than the whole ugly old trap was worth? Look at the tens and dozens of silly washing-machines which lazy numskulls have been inventing at for the last hundred years. There isn't a single one of the whole lot which is worth its weight in kindling wood. Look at your new-fangled curtain fixtures tumbling down, your patent door-knobs coming off, your window-ropes going into knots, and tell me how much better off you are with your modern improvements than you were in the old days. How many of those things which go through the Patent Office mill up at Washington are ever heard of afterward. Just about one in one thousand, and just about a thousandth part of that again ever do the world any good. Man throws it up to woman that she is deficient in the inventive faculty. I'm glad of it. She shows her good sense. Because ninety-nine hundredths of all that pile of trash which the masterly masculine mind sets before us as modern inventions and improvements, is of just about as much practical benefit to the world as a young lady's elephant pincushion at a church fair. Just about.

ZIG.

Biographical Sketches.

BEAU BRUMMELL AND BEAU NASH.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

In perusing the chronicles of London life from the year 1600 downward, the conclusion is forced on the reader that the nobility and gentry of England abolished the custom of keeping fools for their private amusement, because they found it cheaper and easier to do their own buffoonery. The majority of them that appeared on the surface of society during the two last centuries and the beginning of the present century, certainly wore the motley with much less wit and wisdom than the most foolish fool that Shakespeare ever painted.

As an example, let us take George Bryan Brummell, more widely known as Beau Brummell. This man, who, like Dickens' old Mr. Turveydrop, was remarkable for nothing but his "deportment," for some time ruled the elite of the British metropolis. He was the courted friend of princes and peers—an oracle whose slightest word was law.

George Brummell was born on the 7th of June, 1778. Thackeray surmises that his father was a footman, but better authority on that subject asserts that the elder Brummell was secretary to Lord North. While still a school-boy at Eton, he received the news of his father's death. Even at school he was noted for his elegant appearance and the exquisite propriety of his dress. Although insufferably foppish, he was not deficient in easy good nature and rather mild wit.

At Eton he fancied himself in love with a very beautiful young lady. Suddenly he grew cold, and was no longer seen in attendance on the lady. An acquaintance asked the cause of this abrupt change. "Don't speak of it, there's a good fellow," returned the shuddering Brummell, "*she asked for soup twice!*" From Eton he went to Oxford, and entered Oriel College. At Oxford he was principally remarkable for his disregard of rules, and his persistent attempts to please his superiors in social rank. His grace of deportment attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, and through the influence of that august personage he became a cornet in the Tenth Hussars. He found that royal patronage was indeed a royal road to promotion, but he had as great a horror of gunpowder as he had of a breach of his code of etiquette. There was a prospect that the Tenth might be ordered into active service, and Brummell in consequence discovered that military life did not agree with him. He accordingly retired from the army, and having obtained his share of his father's estate—about £150,000—he took a house in Chesterfield street, and set up as a gentleman of leisure. In the solitude of his chamber, he spent hours in trying to discover the best method of tying cravats. His labor was not in vain; after days and nights of hopes and fears, the great end was at last attained. The tie and set of Brummell's immaculate cravat were perfect. He was happy. He wore *the* cravat, while the highest dignitaries in the land looked on in stupefied wonder and admiration. At last Brummell's secret was revealed, and England breathed freely. On the eve of flight from his creditors, he scrawled in pencil to Lord Alvanley—"Starch is your man!" "I can stand," he boasted, "in the pit of the opera, and beckon to Lovain (Duke of Argyle) on one side, and to Villiers (Lord Jersey) on the other, and see them come to me."

No ball, dinner or assembly was considered "the thing" if the exclusive Brummell were not present. The father of a young man whom he had helped to "pluck" at cards remonstrated with him.

"On my honor, sir," said the Beau, seriously, "I did much for your son. I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Walter's!"

He was once invited to Belvoir Castle—a place belonging to the Duke of Rutland. On the plea of indisposition, Brummell retired earlier than the rest of the company. Not long after he had gone, the guests were startled by the clangor of the fire-alarm bell. The dancers stopped, the music ceased, and a panic would have doubtless ensued, had not Brummell appeared in a gallery above the ball-room. "I beg pardon," he said, serenely, "but there is no hot water in my room." The cause of Brummell's quarrel with his patron, the prince, is not certainly known. It is said that one day, when dining with the prince, he took a fancy to taste a certain wine. "Wales, ring the bell!" he ordered. His royal highness obeyed, but only to have the Beau's carriage called. Brummell denied the truth of this story, and declared that the disagreement was owing to the influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the regent's wife. After the quarrel, Brummell met the Prince Regent riding in Bond street. The Beau was accompanied by Lord Sefton. The prince halted to speak to the latter. "Who's your fat friend?" asked Brummell, when Sefton rejoined him. This bon mot was considered very witty, and the unkindest cut of all.

As Brummell's money melted, his butterfly-like existence drew nearer its end. Execution after execution swept out his house. Had his friends not assisted him, he would not have been able to pay his passage across the channel to Calais, where he lived on charity. He was appointed consul at Caen; but he took it into his head that if the Caen consulship were abolished, he would obtain a more lucrative position elsewhere. He informed the Foreign Secretary that there was no necessity for a consul at Caen. He was taken at his word, and he lost the bird in hand without obtaining the two in the bush. Upon this, his French creditors pounced on him. He was imprisoned, and only liberated to be conveyed a drivelling idiot to the hospital of "The Good Saviour" at Caen, where he died. And this was the end of the gay, brilliant, courted Brummell!

Another man of the same frivolous, foolish class was born a century before Brummell. His name was Richard Nash. The title of "Beau" was bestowed on him by admiring society. Like Brummell he went through Oxford, and tried the army. Not finding the latter to his taste, he attempted law, and failed. He found no employment to suit him until he tried his hand at cards. He proved to his own satisfaction that pleasure and play were his vocation. Though he was a fop and a sycophant, Nash's character reached a higher standard than Brummell's. He often relieved the distressed, and he was capable of self-sacrifice; but, although he had no objection to help destitute people, he had a decided objection to pay his debts. He owed twenty pounds to a gentleman who had grown weary of applying for the money. The creditor persuaded a mutual friend to affect poverty and borrow thirty pounds of Nash. The expedient succeeded. The creditor called on the Beau the next day. "Ah, I suppose you have come about that twenty pounds. Well, I daresay that in the course of a few days I shall be able to pay you." The trick was then explained, and the ten pounds of balance offered to Nash. The Beau, however, flew into a rage, declared that he had been swindled, and threatened to kick the clever fellow down-stairs.

At Bath—from which town he took his title by courtesy, "King of Bath"—he shone brilliantly. There, he was an exquisite of the first class, a successful gamester, and the autocrat of the ball-room. Bath had been made a place of fashionable resort by a fortunate visit from Queen Anne. Nash reigned supreme. No one dared to infringe on his rules. According to one of them, dancing began at six and ended at eleven—and it is said that the Princess Amelia herself was denied another dance after the fixed hour.

Once when Nash had gained one hundred pounds at piquet, he heard a looker-on murmur—"Heavens! how happy would that money make me!" "Take it," said Nash, turning round, "take it and be happy!"

Several very creditable stories are related of this eccentric dandy. The young Earl Townsend lost to Nash, at play, his estate, carriage, horses and furniture; but Nash gave up all claim to them on condition that the earl would never play again, and give a written promise to pay him £5,000 ($25,000), should he ever be in want of money. The earl died before Nash applied for the fulfilment of this promise—but Townsend's heirs discharged the obligation. Nash helped to found a hospital at Bath. He died in great destitution, in 1761—and the corporation of Bath raised a monument to his memory.

☞ Here is a conundrum for warm weather. Three brothers in Bow, N. H., were recently married to ladies holding the relation to each other of mother, daughter and granddaughter. Now supposing that in the course of time a boy and girl are born to each family, what relation will all hands hold to each other?

☞ The editor of an Illinois paper thinks fishing, as a general rule, doesn't pay. "We stood it all day in the river last week," he says, "but caught nothing—until we got home."

☞ The engineer who had charge of the electric light for a recent illumination in Constantinople found himself totally blind the morning after. The intensity of the light did it.

☞ A Frenchman professes to have discovered, by experiments upon himself, that coffee taken upon an empty stomach renders the mind abnormally clear and the temper unnaturally bad.

ECHO.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream—
Come back in tears,
Oh, memory, hope, love of finished years!

Oh, dream, how sweet! too sweet, too bitter sweet;
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening lets in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again, though cold in death;
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath—
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love; how long ago!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

EASE IN SOCIETY.

If our young readers would secure a self-possessed manner and ease in society, which are very desirable accomplishments, they must commence to study and practise the habits of good society in their childhood; and they should endeavor to frequent such society as is the best, most refined and literary which can be attained amongst their surroundings. We do not mean merely the society of the fashionable and the wealthy; but that of the intelligent, the wise and the good, from whose conversation they will gain some information which is worth possessing; and such society is always safe for the youth of both sexes, and cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence over their whole lives.

Many young men in our cities, towns and villages have become ruined—and perhaps lost, by associating with those whose influence is low, vulgar and debasing; a society where the ribald song is listened to with approbation, and the indecent story is related amid shouts of laughter, and when such youths are thrown into respectable society they are utterly confused, and at a loss how to conduct themselves, because they are not accustomed to the usages and habits of good society, and only feel at ease amid the surroundings of the billiard-saloon or the gambling tables.

Lord Clarendon tells us that a young man's success and happiness in life depends upon his associating with those who are refined in manners, and more learned and virtuous than himself. And if our youthful friends desire to hold respectable positions in society, and feel at ease in them; if they look for happiness and not misery; let us urge upon them the necessity of choosing their associates, if possible, upon a level above themselves.

Let them strive to excel in courtesy, in strict integrity and in excellence in every path they pursue; and thus they will become habituated to the customs of good society, will contract a love for them, and feel that it is a bitter punishment as well as a disgrace to be forced to associate even for one evening with those who delight in ribaldry and obscene conversation.

They should endeavor, while in their teens, to—

"Study with care politeness that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech:
In vain formality with matron mien,
And pertness apes with her familiar grin:
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain:
She moves with ease, though with a measured pace,
And shows no part of study but the grace."

Home politeness is very essential to ease in society; and parents should inculcate its precepts and its practice as soon as a child can walk and talk. They cannot commence to teach the rules, habits and principles which govern good society at too early an age. And children thus trained will never have any shrinking fears of going into company; indeed the so-called "company manners" will be unknown to them, because they have learned ease in society even while their lisping tongues could hardly frame the polite and kind speeches which, parrot-like, they learned by rote, but which will never desert them until their lips are cold in death. And why cannot all of us be polite and courteous at home? Why cannot we scatter the golden coin of civility under our own roofs as well as abroad? How pleasing to the ear are the little words, "*I thank you*," "*If you please*," and "*You are very kind!*"

Let us all cultivate home politeness, and thus almost insensibly to ourselves contract the desired ease in society which possesses such a charm to both young and old.

Should a friend tread upon our best dress, and tear it ruinously—how profuse we are with our courteous phrases; and how fluently we bid him "not to heed it;" "it is of no consequence—can easily be mended."

While if our husbands are so unlucky or so awkward as to commit such *faux pas*, how deep is our frown; how sharp our speech; or if a child offends in such a manner, how severe is often its punishment.

It was an accident, an unpremeditated act, and should be considered as such no matter who causes it.

On the other hand a gentleman stops at a friend's house, and perhaps he finds everything in confusion—children ill, servants gone—a miserable supper—an ill-made bed; but he says—

"Oh, don't mind me! I never care for such trifles—it is perfectly comfortable."

But he may go home and find the same state of affairs; his wife worn out; children sick, etc., and his apologies are not at the end of his tongue. No, indeed; he thinks never was any one more abused than himself, and never *did* a woman possess such little knowledge of housekeeping, or such cross children. Now that man may be courteous away from home; but he surely is the most discourteous creature at home; and he may possess the height of good breeding in society; but it is a virtue we could not praise.

At the present day there is a great remissness in correct manners among children; and unless they can see them in their own parents, they will rarely possess them. But if children are so unfortunate in their parents, it behooves them to do all in their power to remedy this great fault in their home education.

They must carefully heed how well-bred persons conduct themselves; and endeavor to imitate them: must read and improve their minds, as well as their manners. Must store their memory with bits of history, of poetry, of essay—and when they go into society they will have a store of knowledge to draw from; and something worth talking about, and cannot fail to find those who will enjoy to talk with them; and will soon find that knowledge often conduces to an easy demeanor in society; and that a forgetfulness of self—of how one looks—or how one appears—is one of the best rules for acquiring an easy deportment at all times.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

A SUMMER DAY.

BY SAPPHO.

I'm sitting alone by the morning brook,
And watching the waters flow
O'er the moss-grown rocks, and the pebbles
That shine in the depths below.

And I watch the dancing bubbles,
As swift down the stream they glide,
Till they're lost in the waving rushes
That border the brooklet's side.

And I hear the thrushes singing,
From their nests in the willows near;
And I list to the quail's shrill whistle,
From the meadow ringing clear.

And from yon distant wheat-field,
The sound of a reaper comes;
While among the daisies at my feet
The busy wild bee hums.

And as over the face of Nature
The sunbeams gently play,
So over my heart a mantle of peace
Has gently fallen to-day.

A mantle of rest and quiet,
A feeling of joy and love,
A feeling of peace that cometh
From the hand of God above.

And as I sit idly dreaming,
My thoughts in the past away,
I thank Him for having given
The peace of this summer day.

THE HERMIT.

BY LETTICE THORPE.

It was during the season when custom allows ladies some of the privileges usually monopolized by the opposite sex, that a group of girls were standing together earnestly discussing some very important question. "Who shall *you* invite?" inquired one of them, turning to a piquant-looking, dark-eyed girl beside her.

"I do not know, I'm sure," she replied, "I am tired of all our beaux."

"I should think you would be," exclaimed another laughing voice; "you have had them all at your feet and found them wanting, poor fellows! I wish *I* had had your chances—I should be a staid, married woman now, thinking of more important things than leap-year balls."

"Pshaw! Kate, you give me credit for being wofully dangerous, poor, inoffensive creature that I am."

"But you have not told us yet who it is that you are intending to invite."

"There's the rub, girls. If there was only some young and handsome stranger in Linton!"

"Ask the Hermit, Nell."

"Kate, you're a perfect jewel in cases of emergency like this. The Hermit it shall be, and many thanks for the suggestion."

"Do you really mean so, Nelly? Would you dare?"

"Dare? Of course I would. There is nothing wrong about it, is there? He is a gentleman, they all say."

"Of course, but I never should have courage to take such a liberty with so very dignified a person as Mr. Stanton. His great black eyes would frighten me half out of my senses."

"Well, I am sure it would take more than a pair of black eyes to frighten me, so I shall write my invitation at once. Good-bye, girls, I am going right home to do it;" and making a low courtesy, she left them.

"Will she do it?" asked one of the laughing group, incredulously.

"Of course she will," answered another. "Did *you* ever know Nell Webster to show the white feather? Because *I* never did."

But it took that young lady some time to write an invitation that suited her exactly. Several daintily-tinted sheets were scribbled over and thrown aside before she accomplished anything that seemed at all satisfactory. And even after the note was all sealed and ready to be posted, she hesitated as if inclined to throw it into the fire instead; but she had boasted of her courage, and so would not draw back from what she had undertaken. The note was sent, and she very impatiently awaited the answer.

Charles Stanton, a handsome and successful young lawyer, had acquired the title of Hermit, because during his three years' residence in Linton he had never mingled at all with the people there, excepting in a business way. He was a great favorite with his own sex, and very much admired by the fairer half of creation, as represented in Linton, who tried for some time to beguile him into society, but had finally given it up as a hopeless case. He was consequently greatly surprised one morning to receive the note over which Nelly had spent so much time and attention, and which was as follows:

"MR. STANTON—The ladies of Linton, believing it meritorious to claim all such privileges as are rightfully theirs, take advantage of those offered during the coming year, to give an entertainment on Thursday evening of this week. Please excuse the liberty I take, in requesting the honor of your company for that occasion.

"Yours respectfully,
"NELLY WEBSTER."

He smiled a little, and then looked very grave again, but finally he seated himself at his desk, drew some paper toward him, and took his pen, but it seemed as difficult for him to write an answer, as it had been for Nelly to indite the invitation. He wrote at last:

"DEAR MISS WEBSTER—Although deeply grateful to you for remembering me in your coming festivities, I shall be obliged to decline the kind invitation just received. Knowing, however, that this seeming discourtesy demands some apology, if you will call at my office on your way to the ball, I will give you the reasons for my refusal. Yours very respectfully,

"CHARLES STANTON."

When Nelly first read the note, she looked annoyed, then all at once her face brightened again, and bursting into a merry laugh, she exclaimed, "Ah, ha! Mr. Stanton, I'll go. You have made a slight mistake, for when I leave your office, you will go with me. I won't tell the girls anything about it." But she found this last resolution somewhat difficult to keep, as they were all very anxious to know what the handsome hermit had written. "I shall call for him Thursday evening," was the only answer that she would give.

The night of the party proved bright and clear, although very cold, and Charles Stanton sat in his office, evidently awaiting the arrival of the fair Nelly. He had dressed himself with great care, and looked unusually handsome, with the slight flush upon his dark cheek. All at once he heard a light step upon the stairs, then a timid knock, and opening the door he saw his fair correspondent. She entered the room, throwing off a large shawl, as she did so. It was an unusual sight in his dull office, this vision of youth and beauty, for Nelly looked indeed very lovely. Dressed in white gleaming robes, with a rose-colored opera-cloak drawn carelessly around her shoulders, over which the long dark curls floated, she stood before him blushing and embarrassed, and evidently half inclined to turn round, and run away again. But Charles had no idea of permitting anything of the kind, although nearly as much embarrassed as the young lady herself. He drew a chair forward for her, and then seating himself where he might gaze and enjoy her beaming beauty, he said, "Allow me to thank you, Miss Webster, for your kindness in coming here."

"Indeed," she exclaimed, "if I had known that I was going to feel so silly, I certainly should not have been so kind."

Here Charles could not keep from smiling, as he said, "You have no reason to feel so, I am sure."

"I hope you will not think," she interrupted him in a pretty, half-pettish way, "that I am in the habit of visiting gentlemen at their offices."

"I do not think anything that would offend you, I am sure."

Here she raised her head, quite herself again, and with a mischievous gleam in her dark eyes, said, "and you will go with me to the ball."

"Miss Webster," he replied, growing suddenly very grave, "I will tell you my story, and then you will not blame me for my rudeness in refusing your invitation. Just three years ago, I was engaged to a young and beautiful—I thought *then*, the most beautiful girl that I had ever seen"—

Here Nelly looked down in some embarrassment, but reassured by the speaker's unvarying gravity, she raised her eyes, with evident interest, to his face.

"She was very gay," he continued, "and brilliant, but her temper was violent, and she made no effort to control, or overcome it, so that her fits of passion were sometimes terrible to behold. Our engagement was a stormy one, and my love began to weaken, although I tried hard to prevent her seeing it—but one day we had, as usual, a slight misunderstanding. She grew more and more angry, demanding some service of me that affected my honor as a gentleman, and I could not, of course, comply. She lost all sense, all reason, and declared that if I did not gratify her, she would take morphine that very night. I only laughed, deeming it one of her idle threats—but the next morning I was sent for in great haste, to find her whom I had once fondly loved, dead, by her own hand. Do you wonder that I have kept aloof from all society ever since? The thought that I was in a measure instrumental in her death, has never left me; and I constantly reproach myself for it. I am not fit for cheerful society."

"I think you are too sensitive, Mr. Stanton," Nelly exclaimed, impetuously. "It is not right to lead this sad and lonely life, for so weak and wicked a girl."

"She could hardly be called weak, Miss Webster."

"Would any sensible girl, possessed of beauty, health and a good man's love, do so insane a thing as that of which you have just been telling me? She must have been weak, to say nothing of the wickedness."

"Miss Webster—she read Greek and Hebrew."

"That may be, too, Mr. Stanton, but cultivation is not intellect."

He looked at her for a moment in silence, and then said—

"You should study for the law."

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "that is just like a man."

"Why so?" he inquired, smiling for the first time since he began to tell his story.

"Oh, when you see that a lady has altogether the best of the argument, you always resort to sarcasm and dubious flattery."

"No indeed," he replied, "I was perfectly serious in what I said. But do you really blame me for the course I have taken?"

"I certainly do," she said, earnestly, "I think it is a morbid feeling that inclines you to shut yourself up. I cannot see that you were at all to blame in the tragic story which you have just told me."

"Your words are very sweet to me, and if I could only exonerate myself as readily—"

"And will you not go with me to-night?"

He gave her a deprecating glance, but she continued, without heeding it—

"You will not really expose me to such humiliation. Think how the girls will all laugh at me. You *must* come!"

"But, Miss Webster, this is scarcely a ball costume."

She gave him a look of unequivocal approval—and said, smilingly—

"I am satisfied."

"Do with me as you will, then," he replied, "I place myself wholly and entirely in your hands."

The earnestness of his words brought the color into the young girl's cheeks—and springing from her seat, she said—

"Come, then, it is time for us to go—will you take my arm?" and she held up her round and dimpled elbow for his acceptance.

"But your shawl," he said, and proceeded to fold it about her with such tender care that she trembled beneath his touch, then looking up archly in his face, she said, "You will have to lead me after all, for I am almost helpless in this great blanket." He did not seem at all unwilling, but assisted her very carefully down-stairs, and into the sleigh, where he drew the robes all about her. She made a feeble show of resistance, crying gayly, "This is reversing the order of things altogether; it is I that should wrap you up."

"I do not think so," he said, and they were soon gliding rapidly over the smooth and gleaming snow. Nelly felt decidedly triumphant when she entered the ball-room with her elegant cavalier, particularly when he proved to be as excellent a partner as his figure seemed to indicate. The other ladies surveyed him with evident approval and admiration, while from the gentlemen he received a most cordial welcome. "Miss Webster," one of them inquired, "what arts have you been practising upon Mr. Stanton? I am anxious to know."

"Arts?" she repeated, with an assumption of innocence, "what do you mean?"

"I am completely at a loss to know how you have succeeded in accomplishing what we have been trying to bring about for the last three years."

"Woman's wit, I suppose," she replied, with a merry laugh.

"That must be it," he said, "for I believe whatever a woman sets out to do, she does, and if any young lady in the world is likely to succeed, it is Miss Webster."

As they were riding home that night, or rather morning, Nelly said to her companion, "I hope this will not prove your last, as well as first appearance in our midst. You have made acquaintance with all our pretty girls, now will you not improve it?"

"There is one acquaintance I certainly shall cultivate," he replied, "if allowed to do so. It is that of the young lady who has so kindly taken pity upon my loneliness. May I return your call?" The permission was readily given, and no one, to witness their parting, would have imagined that only a few hours before they had been total strangers. Their acquaintance had progressed very

rapidly that evening, and all the numerous gossips and matchmakers of Linton had wagged their shrewd heads delightedly at the prospect of future developments. In truth the gay Nelly had never been so completely fascinated by any gentleman before, and the dark eyes of Charles Stanton haunted her dreams by day and night; the impression he had made being strengthened also by the admiration of the other girls, who pronounced him "perfectly splendid," with one according voice. Fortunately for her, the fancy was mutual, for the object of her girlish preference could not forget the beautiful picture she presented, when entering his office in all her bright, sweet loveliness, she coquettishly threw aside the heavy shawl that had enveloped her graceful figure. He was strongly tempted to call the very day after the party, but fearing that it might be too soon, he waited until nearly a week had passed, much to Nelly's disappointment, who had anticipated his visit with much eagerness and longing. When he did call, she was all alone, greatly to his satisfaction, and although they both looked exceedingly happy, neither one seemed to have any polite or pretty phrases at command, until Nelly stammered in reproachful tones, "I began to think that you were not coming after all."

"Then you thought of me," he answered, "and—are you glad to see me, Nelly?" and he took both her hands. She tried faintly to draw them away, but he was the strongest by far, and seating himself beside her, his eloquence seemed to come back in the most wonderful way. At least Nelly seemed quite overcome by it, and the result proved satisfactory to the gossips, who always like to see their prophecies fulfilled.

SONG.

Wind, wind, wandering wind,
Merrily wing you away
Over the breadth of the valley to find
One little porch where the roses are twined,
Where you love to linger and play,
While somebody peeps through the door to see
If somebody else at the gate may be,
And wonders at his delay!
Ah, wind, wind, wandering wind,
Nobody, surely, can call you blind!

Wind, wind, is it not fair,
And bright in its innocent glee,
That little coy face with its witchery rare,
And brown wavy setting of locks-blowing hair,
And eyes as blue as may be?
Ah, you may love it, and kiss it, and pause
To gaze on its exquisite beauty, because
I am not at all jealous, you see;
Though you are a sort of a rival, I find,
For she loves the caress of the soft-breathing wind.

Wind, wind, wandering wind,
How often I sigh for your wings,
That never a letter may transmit or bind!
You can reach her so quickly, and leave me behind
Among work-weary places and things.
But, now that the toil of the day is all done,
I may haste to my love with the fall of the sun,
When only the nightingale sings.
Then fly with full speed to my darling, and wind
To say I am following, wandering wind!

T. FERGUSON.

THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER IX.

STEPHEN YOUNG SETS HIS TRAP.

For over three weeks Delia Coveney saw nothing of her impetuous lover. Perhaps he thought it better to leave her quiet for awhile, that she might have leisure to digest his warning.

However this may be, she was very grateful for the change. Her mother had a feverish cold; and Delia, who loved her devotedly, scarcely left her bedside, except just to steal out for a few minutes in the evening.

And then it was her invariable custom to go and sit on the stile that commanded a view of The Hermitage. Poor Delia knew the hopelessness of her passion; and yet it was so sweet, she could not tear it out of her heart.

On one of these occasions, she came face to face suddenly with Captain Vane himself.

The consciousness of her presumptuous love—her wild, sorrowful yearnings—made poor Delia flush and tremble; she took a step forward, as if to fly; then stood stock still, with downcast eyes, the bright color forsaking her cheek as quickly as it had come.

Captain Vane held out his hand.

"I have never thanked you half enough, Delia, for all your goodness to me when I lay so ill," he said, gently; "you must have thought me very ungracious?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"But I have felt so myself, at any rate, and have been longing for an opportunity of telling you so, but have never chanced to meet you before to-day."

"My mother is ill, sir."

"And that keeps you in-doors," he said, with ready comprehension. "I know what a good nurse you are, Delia."

Delia thrilled through and through at this praise, but answered, modestly, "Mother has always been so good to me, sir; I should be very wicked if I did not do my best for her."

"But I had never been good to you, Delia; and yet you served me night and day, with untiring zeal and energy."

"I am always glad to be of use," Delia faltered.

Captain Vane put his hand in his pocket, and brought out a little box, which contained an Indian ornament, in the shape of a locket, in filagree gold, with one ruby in the centre, which he gave to Delia, saying gently, but gravely, "Will you accept this trifle—to remind you, in days to come, of the unhappy man whose life you so kindly saved?"

Delia did not need any such reminder, but dared not say so. Unconscious of the value of the gift, she accepted it as simply as it was offered.

How dim the ruby would be from tears and kisses before the night was out, Captain Vane never guessed. He looked at her with grave, far-off eyes, as he bade her good-bye; and if he recognized the beauty and sweetness of the earnest little face, it was but dimly, as one in a dream.

Delia knew this, but she was much too humble to be hurt. When a poor little hedge-flower lifts its eyes to the sun, it does not expect the sun to take note of its worship, or sympathize with its pain.

Mrs. Coveney appeared to have been listening anxiously for her return; for, as soon as she heard her lift the latch, she called out, anxiously, "Is that you, dear?"

There were only three rooms in their little cottage, and these were on the ground floor. Mrs. Coveney had a small annuity of forty pounds a year, and could not afford to be fastidious; but the exquisite order and cleanliness that reigned everywhere, the flowers that bloomed in the windows, gave a certain grace to her homely surroundings.

As soon as Delia crossed the threshold, she could see Mrs. Coveney's wan, pinched face lying in the room opposite, and turned eagerly toward the door.

"You are not alone, mother, surely?" was her first question.

For a neighbor had been sitting with Mrs. Coveney when Delia left, or she would not have gone out.

"Mrs. Price was called away to her grandson, who is ill with the fever, or she would have stayed till you came back. Somehow, I feel very strange to-night, Delia."

"How strange, mother?"

And she bent over her with a tender, protective air.

"You mustn't be frightened, darling, but I cannot help knowing that I get weaker day by day."

"But you often do have a bad cold like this," said the girl, trying to speak cheerfully, although her heart belied her words.

"Put your head close down to me," said Mrs. Coveney, very softly. "I am going to tell you a wonderful secret to-night. Delia, I am dying!"

"No, no, no!" cried the girl, frantically; "tell me anything but that! Mother, do you forget that I shall be all alone?"

"You will be taken care of, dear."

"But I want you," answered Delia, rebelliously.

"I would stay gladly for your sake, Delia," she answered, faintly; "although my life has been so full of sorrow and suffering, that if it were not for leaving you, I should be thankful to go. You are the last of seven children, given to me in my youth, and the other six are waiting for me in Heaven. I see them often in my dreams, and they are always reproaching me that I am so long in coming."

"But *I* want you most, mother." And then she added, passionately, "I am quite sure you are frightening me for nothing. Dr. Green did not seem to think you so very bad when he came yesterday."

"It is a very old story to him, though painfully new to you, Delia. It is years ago now since he first warned me that I must not expect to be with you long."

"And you never told me!"

"I thought it would be cruel to cloud your young life before there was any need. I would have kept it from you even now, if possible, but my life is growing short, and I have a great deal to say."

Delia knelt down, buried her head in the bedclothes, and sobbed unrestrainedly.

"I can't spare you, mother—I can't, indeed! You might get better if you tried!"

Mrs. Coveney shook her head.

"The fiat has gone forth, my child; and can any exertion of my human will alter it?"

"But you don't look so very bad."

"My dear Delia," said Mrs. Coveney, who was a person of great intelligence, "you must resign yourself to the inevitable. What I had to tell you was hard to bear, I know; but I fancied I could trust my little girl to be brave and strong, for my sake."

Delia's sweet lips took a resolute fold.

"Mother, I will!" And then, more softly, "You may trust me, dear."

"Sit down, then, Delia, and let me talk to you. You know what little income I have dies with me."

Delia nodded her head; she could not trust herself to speak.

"This has been a very terrible thought to me, darling," her mother went on, "only that I can see some light in the gloom. My Delia must marry, and have a happy home of her own before I bid goodbye to the world."

"But, mother, isn't it better that I should struggle with the world all my life long than marry a man whom I do not love?"

"You are not fit to struggle with the world, dear. Of two evils we must choose the lesser; and I long to see your little bark moored in a safe haven before I go hence. You are not fit for service, remember."

"Surely Aunt Merridew would give me a home?"

"She is greatly displeased at your conduct to Stephen Young. She says that if you refuse to help yourself, you cannot expect others to help you. And really, Delia, speaking from my dying bed, I counsel you earnestly to try and get over the prejudice you have conceived against this young man. My sister tells me that he is greatly attached to you, is well to do, and bears a good character. What more would you have?"

"I do not love him, mother, that is all," answered Delia, mournfully.

"Heaven forbid that I should influence you against your feelings!" answered Mrs. Coveney, in a disappointed tone; "but I had greatly hoped that it might be. I should have died happy then."

"But you won't die, dear, for a long time to come."

"Listen to me, Delia. If I am alive a month hence, it will be almost a miracle. I feel the end drawing near very fast, and it is useless to deceive you any longer. Before the fruit now hanging on the trees has ripened, before the golden harvest has been garnered in, I shall be lying in the little churchyard yonder, and you will be alone."

Delia remembered her aunt's warning now—a warning she had felt too secure to heed, and her heart sank within her.

But she had promised to be brave. If any sacrifice she could make would smooth her mother's pathway to the tomb, why need she hesitate?

Stephen Young knew that she could not love him; but if he chose to take her, in spite of this, her mother should have the comfort she craved. It was worth while to weep all the rest of her life, if only Mrs. Coveney might die smiling. She rose to her feet very pale, but calm.

"Whatever you bid me I will do, mother," she said. "I have no thought now but to please you."

"Will you try to like Stephen Young?"

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Coveney drew Delia's pale face down to hers, and kissed her fervently.

"Then all will be well, my darling," she murmured, with a peaceful smile—"then all will be well."

It is necessary to explain that Mrs. Coveney knew nothing of Stephen Young except that which her sister had told her, and this was all in his favor.

Like all prosperous people, who have suffered from poverty once, Mrs. Merridew thought a good deal of money. Stephen Young was well off, and, therefore, she gave him credit for all the virtues. She had exceedingly resented Delia's refusal to marry him, and looked upon it as a mere foolish piece of contradiction on her niece's part, as the match was one so very desirable from every point of view.

She had certainly heard that the young man had a temper of his own, but she took care not to mention this fact to her declining sister.

"He was the better for having a little spirit," she declared; "and Delia couldn't expect perfection, any more than the rest."

"Now there's Merridew," she added; "a better man never breathed, and we've lived happily together for thirty years; but there's no denying he's as obstinate as any mule. You must expect men to be men, and not angels."

Still, if Mrs. Coveney had known the whole truth, she would not have been so anxious for the marriage. She fancied that Delia was not quite sure of her own mind, and there could be no danger in guiding her. That the girl's instincts revolted against this man whose character she had faithfully ganged, and found wanting, Mrs. Coveney never once divined, and Delia was much too loyal to tell her.

She saw that her mother would die happy, if she died ignorant, and so she would have cut her tongue in twain rather than have divulged the truth.

But alone in her little chamber for a minute, she took out the locket Captain Vane had given her, and bedewed it with tears and kisses.

Her passion was hopeless; but to be able to love him secretly and purely was all she had asked of fate.

And now even this sweet sorrow would be denied her. The moment she promised to be Stephen Young's wife, she must cast this other image out of her heart. It was so hard—so bitterly hard, and yet it was right.

Delia had a wonderfully strong sense of duty, and this upheld her. With one last long, lingering kiss, the girl put her locket away out of sight, resolving that she would never open the box again until she could trust herself to look at Captain Vane's gift with the feelings that became Stephen Young's future wife.

She had just a dim hope that Stephen might not care to accept the sacrifice she was ready to make for her mother's sake; but when she recalled his passionate words at their last meeting, this hope became very dim indeed, and she began to realize that she should have to carry it through, even to the bitter end.

Then, very pale, but patient and resigned, Delia went back to her mother's bedside, and sat and watched by her the livelong night.

Mrs. Coveney tried to induce her to take some rest, but the girl always shook her head.

"If I am only to have you a little while, mother, I must make the most of you," she would say, with a dreary smile. "Every minute is precious to me now."

Mrs. Merridew came the next morning, bringing jelly and wine for the invalid; and she was evidently pleased with the news her sister had to tell, for as she went out she kissed Delia with effusion, and said she was glad to find that she had come to her senses at last.

Of course the good woman took care that Stephen Young should receive a hint as to the improved aspect of affairs, for that evening he presented himself at the cottage.

Delia, when she saw his figure looking like a blot on the sunshine, felt as if she wanted badly to run away and hide herself; but conquering the inclination, walked bravely across the kitchen instead, and stood at the open door to receive him in state.

Such a glory entered with him from the sun setting in splendid majesty behind a gold and crimson canopy of cloud, that it even brightened the wan face of the dying woman, and gave a gleam of the old, youthful gladness to her dim eyes.

Delia held out her hand, but instead of blushing, as a girl might naturally be expected to do at such a time, she turned very pale.

Stephen kept possession of the tremulous fingers, and she dared not withdraw them. What was the use, when he had only to speak to have?

To do him justice, he really loved Delia, in his own passionate, ungoverned way, and was a little touched, beside, at her mother's hopeless state.

He spoke, therefore, with unusual gentleness as he advanced to the bedside, and asked Mrs. Coveney how she felt.

"I have only one pain, and that is the thought of leaving my child," she answered, softly.

"Can you trust her to my keeping, Mrs. Coveney?"

"I ask no better," said the dying woman, joyfully. "Will you be good to her always, Stephen Young? Not only now that she is young and fair, but when her hair is white and her cheek wrinkled, and she needs your love and care most of all? Will you be all this?"

"On my honor!" he answered, with perfect sincerity at the moment. "I love Delia as I love my life."

"But not for her pretty looks alone?" returned Mrs. Coveney, pleadingly.

"I love her for everything. I had scarcely spoken three words to her before I knew somehow that she was the only girl I should want for my wife."

He still held Delia's hand, and stooping, he pressed his lips on it, with a kiss that burnt like fire.

Poor Delia shuddered convulsively, but gave no other sign. But what she yielded, she scorned him for taking nevertheless, when he must needs see that his caress filled her with pain and repugnance.

Stephen had too much tact to stay very long on this first occasion; but he looked rather wistfully at Delia as he took his leave, hoping she would accompany him to the gate, and give him the chance he yearned for so passionately of pressing his lips once to hers ere they parted.

But Delia had borne humiliation enough for one night, and her endurance was at an end. So she just followed him to the door, keeping well in sight of her mother's bed, gave him her hand, coldly, and then rushed away to her own little room, to sob and bemoan her hard fate.

It seemed to her that she hated Stephen Young now far more than she had ever hated him.

He knew she did not love him, and yet he chose to take her all the same.

It was more than a quarter of an hour before she ventured to show herself to Mrs. Coveney again; and then the dusk of the evening was drawing in, and she could conceal her face.

She shut the door as she passed it, banishing the last faint glow of sunset; and when her mother said, plaintively,

"Why do you leave us in darkness, my love, when it is so pleasant out-doors?"

Delia answered, very decidedly—

"The air is getting quite chilly, mother, and will make your cough worse. Do you know it is close upon nine o'clock?"

"I had no idea it was so late."

"Nor I."

The mother smiled softly to herself. So loyal was Delia, that the other fancied Stephen Young's presence had made the time pass quickly, and rejoiced that it should be so.

"My darling's dislike was all fancy, after all," she said, within herself. "She will soon learn to love Stephen, and then I shall die happy."

The next evening he came again, and this time he stayed longer. Delia could not fail to see how her mother's face brightened at the sight of him, and this made his presence less of an infliction than it had been before.

But still she did not go beyond the door when he went away.

But the sixth night, Stephen's wild passion got the better of him completely. Delia was specially lovely, with her soft, pathetic little face, flushed from inward feeling; and if her dress was homely, how exquisitely neat it was, and how admirably it fitted to her trim figure.

As he bade Mrs. Coveney good-bye, he made a movement so as to compel Delia to pass out before him from the sick-room, and drew the door to behind him.

Unconscious of his little *ruse*, she went immediately on in front of him across the kitchen, and then stopped.

The next moment she was in his arms, and his kisses were raining thick and fast on her eyes and lips.

"My darling, my love, my life!" he muttered rapturously; "I have got you at last!"

She tried to struggle away from him, and then, remembering suddenly that she was his affianced wife, and had no right to resist this display of affection, she became as still as death, and closed her eyes.

"Oh, Delia, you do not quite hate me now!" Stephen whispered, close into her ear. "You cannot be so cruel—so wicked—when I love you with all my heart!"

Delia was roused to some faint show of spirit then.

"I do not love you; I have told you so twenty times! But you do not care, it seems, so that I marry you."

"I am glad to get you any way, rather than not get you at all."

"Then more shame to you!" she was impelled to say, in spite of herself. "If I were a man, I would not marry any girl who did not love me, even if she were a queen!"

"You do not know what you are talking about!" he answered, almost angrily. "Besides, you will love me later, if you no not love me now."

"Never!" was the emphatic reply.

"Then why have you promised to become my wife?"

Delia lowered her head, and a flush of shame mounted to the very edge of her bright hair.

"My mother wished it."

"Ah, I see! Then I owe all my happiness to her?"

Delia clasped her hands imploringly.

"Oh, Stephen," she cried, "do be generous! Let my mother believe this, for her comfort, to the last, and then let us be no more to each other than if all this had never happened. She's afraid to leave me alone, she says; but I am not afraid. I want her to die in peace—if she must needs die; and I do not think it could be wrong to deceive her, for she only desires my happiness, and I could not be happy as your wife. Don't be angry with me; but I must tell you the truth now, if I never tell it again. I would bless you so all my life long, if you would only consent to this!"

"Do you know what you are asking, Delia? You must take me for a fool!"

"Oh, no, no!"

"It is clear that you do," he continued, in a voice husky from emotion and suppressed rage. "I am to keep up the farce of being engaged to you just so long as it pleases you, and then I am quietly to get out of the way, and leave you free to marry some other man. I should be a fool if I consented to such terms as these, and you must think me one to demand them."

"No," she said, coldly; "I thought you might be generous, but I find I made a mistake."

"If that's being generous, you certainly have. You have promised to marry me, and I'll take care that you keep your word."

Delia's appeal only hurried on her fate. The next evening, Stephen came to the cottage earlier; but instead of presenting himself as usual, he went and sat down in the arbor out of sight, but watching the door.

Presently Delia came out, with a little basket on her arm. Mrs. Merridew had told him that the girl would be coming to fetch some broth for her mother about six o'clock, thinking that he would like to be in waiting to escort her home, and Stephen profited by the intelligence to set a trap for her unwary feet.

No sooner had she crossed the meadow, and was no longer in view, than he emerged from his hiding-place, and knocked boldly at the cottage-door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Coveney, in her weak voice, and he entered.

Her face lighted up, as it always did, at the sight of him, and she invited him cordially to take the chair by her bed.

"Delia is gone to my sister's; but she will soon be back, if you don't mind waiting," said Mrs. Coveney. "The time always seems so long when she is away, that it is a real charity to keep me company."

"That's why I came," replied Stephen, who was an arch hypocrite, be it said; and then he smoothed her pillow, and tempted her to eat of the ripe grapes he had brought with him. "Just as if he had been my own son," she told Mrs. Merridew afterward.

After this, he encouraged her to talk of Delia, in a natural, easy way, until he had led her up to the point he wanted, and that was the child's need of some better protection than a dying woman can give.

"It will be so terrible for her, when I am gone," sighed the poor mother; "so lonely and desolate. My sister is very kind; but, somehow, she does not quite understand Delia; and never having had any trouble herself makes her a little hard. She would always be lecturing her about trying to bear her grief, and you know how painful that is."

"And cruel," said Stephen, in a tone of great sympathy.

"She would not mean to be cruel—quite the contrary. She would think this was the best way to help the child; but poor Delia would feel it dreadfully—she is so sensitive, unfortunately."

"But it could easily be prevented, Mrs. Coveney."

"How?" she inquired, earnestly.

"Supposing she were to marry me at once?"

He averted his face as he said this, that she might not see how white and eager it was, and divine his meaning. Stephen knew that unless he secured Delia for his own before her mother's influence had departed, she would make him wait for her many a long, weary day, if she ever married him at all.

Mrs. Coveney welcomed this suggestion as one that promised her a blessed relief from all anxiety and doubt.

"You see," Stephen went on, gaining more assurance as he proceeded, "it would be a long time before Delia would let me take care of her, supposing you died, which I hope is not so certain as you seem to think. Therefore, what I have to propose is that Delia should be induced to marry me at once. I would get a license, and everything might be managed without giving you any anxiety or fatigue. Delia could remain with you just the same. The only difference would be that she would bear my name, and I should have a right to claim her when the proper time came. Do you approve of my plan?"

"If only Delia would consent."

"She will, if she sees that you desire this above all things."

"I should be loth to force her to such a step against her will, much as I wish it," said Mrs. Coveney, rather dubiously; "at the same time it would be a great relief to my mind to feel that everything was settled before I died."

"You have only to tell Delia this, Mrs. Coveney. She is almost a child still, and needs loving guidance, for her youth's sake, almost as much as she needs protection because of her helplessness and beauty."

"Yes, I see that," answered the dying woman, sorrowfully.

"Very well; then render it impossible that she should ever be left alone in the world," he said, impressively. "I will make Delia happy—that I swear—the rest I leave to you."

He rose as he finished speaking, touched her hand, and went out, declaring that he had business which made it impossible he should stay to see Delia that night.

And then the poor mother lay and pondered, with the fading sunshine on her face, until she fell into an uneasy slumber, which was broken by the sound of Delia's voice and step.

CHAPTER X.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.

Although Emilia had gained the knowledge she sought, she kept the secret to herself for awhile, with a vague hope that Dolly might broach the subject herself one day, and save her the trouble of taking the initiative.

Dolly was growing thin and pale enough, at last, to excite her father's attention, although he could not be called penetrating by nature, and Emilia thought she would surely speak now.

But no; whatever Dolly's secret was, it was one she dared not tell her doting father, evidently—for though she began to tremble when he spoke of her altered looks, and seemed to be on the point of losing her self-control, she soon rallied, and answered, coldly but gently, "I am quite well, papa. You know I always lose my color in the hot weather."

"But you have lost something also besides your color," he said, "or I should not complain so much. You used to be the merriest little Dolly that ever came into a house, and now we never hear your voice."

"How can you wonder, papa, when you promised Dolly a pony, and never got her one? Of course, she is grieving for that," said Carrie, in rather a malicious tone.

The old farmer looked at his youngest daughter with a disappointed air, but when she answered indignantly, "You know I am not so mean!" he seemed relieved.

"I thought it wasn't like my little Dolly," he said, in a severe voice. "Carrie is apt to judge others by herself."

"Carrie is always wrong, somehow," replied his eldest daughter, sulkily.

"Then why doesn't she try to be always right, instead?"

"Perhaps she has tried, and doesn't find it any good."

"There, there! don't let us take to sparring!" cried the old man with a very shadowed face. "It's a bad look-out when the members of a family are at war amongst themselves, and safe to bring trouble, I've always noticed. Come and kiss me, Carrie, and try to check your tongue a bit, my dear; it isn't seemly for young people to answer their elders."

"The fact is," answered Carrie, shedding tears, "you love Dolly so much better than you do me."

"She's the youngest; you forget that. It's only natural to pet her more than the rest, on this account; but I'm sure you have no reason to complain of any lack of affection on my part."

Carrie left the room in tears, which was the usual termination of her fits of jealous rage; and then Dolly, who had been indescribably touched by her father's tone in speaking of her, thought it would be possible to go and lay her head down on his breast, and whisper her sorrowful secret.

But whilst she hesitated how to begin, their old servant, Jock, tapped at the window, and called Mr. de Lacy out; and she had a feeling that she should never get her courage up to this point again, and must leave the revelation to chance.

Poor, weak, foolish, miserable Dolly! we could hardly afford to pity her, only that she suffered so much, and was so penitent, even whilst she sinned.

That night, Dolly, impelled by some instinct she could not account for, stole out in the darkness to where the tall beeches made a thick archway overhead.

They whispered, warningly, as they put their heads together; but though she could hear them say, "Go back, foolish child, whilst there is yet time!" Dolly did not heed, and she never went back again of her own knowledge.

"Where's Dolly? How late the child is!" cried Mr. de Lacy, the next morning. "Do you think she can be ill?"

And at the mere suggestion, although it was his own, the old farmer's lips went white—so dear was the child to him.

"She was well enough last night," said Carrie.

"That's nothing," he answered, impetuously. "You might be well enough last night, and yet dead this morning."

"I will go and see about her," observed Emilia, who was the only one who had any reason to suspect the truth.

She had her misgivings as she rushed up-stairs, and threw open the girl's door, crying out, "Dolly, you idle child! We are waiting breakfast for you!"

No answer.

"You are hiding in the cupboard, silly thing!"

Dolly had played her this trick on a similar occasion, and Emilia naturally remembered it now. Only that it was not like the grave, quiet Dolly of later days; and, therefore, although Emilia said this confidently, it was only to reassure herself, for she knew, even before she opened the door, that her sister was not there.

Dolly's dresses hung suspended from the hooks in mournful array. The bed had never been occupied. It was clear that something very terrible had happened.

Emilia had always loved her sister far too much to be jealous of her; and when she came to realize that Dolly was actually gone, she sat down helplessly and began to wring her hands.

Who was to tell the old man that his child had deserted him—his little Dolly, whom he had trusted so entirely, and loved so dearly?

She was wondering in what words she should put the terrible tidings she had to tell, when she heard his heavy step on the stairs.

Frightened by her long absence, he had come up to see what it meant.

"Dolly is ill, then?" he said, standing on the outer threshold, and looking vaguely and wonderingly round the room.

"It is not that, father," answered Emilia, putting her arm about him, and speaking in a soft, shrinking voice. "I am afraid it is not that!"

"What is it, then?"

Emilia began to cry despairingly, the old farmer watching her with a kind of dull resentment.

"You women cry for everything," he said, at last, irritably. "What is the matter now?"

"The matter is, that I cannot bear to tell you a thing that I know must pain you so much."

He shook her off almost roughly.

"I give you notice, I won't believe a word against Dolly—not a word! You may make out the whole world to be liars, but take care that you make her out to be true!"

"Then I am not to tell you, father?" she asked.

"Tell me anything you like!" he answered, defiantly.

"You must understand—you must, indeed!" she said, growing desperate. "Dolly is gone!"

"Well?"

"But she has not gone alone."

"That's a lie!" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"Papa—dear papa—you know I would save you if I could; you know that I love Dolly, too, dearly—but it is no use to deceive you now!"

"You say that you love Dolly," said the old farmer, hoarsely; "and yet you knew she was going, and did not stop her!"

"I did not know she was going yet."

"Will you swear that she actually is gone?"

"No!" replied Emilia, shrinkingly.

"Then why must you needs torture me with probabilities, if you have no actual facts to give me? Be silent, or I shall think you are jealous of my darling, like Carrie, and want to lower her in my eyes."

"You know, papa, that I am not capable of that!"

"No, no! forgive me!" he answered, with sudden penitence. "You were always very good to the child, I remember."

Already he spoke of her as if she were dead. That Dolly should die was a possibility, but it was not possible that she should deceive him.

There was a strange silence between them then—a silence as full of awe and fear as if this were really a chamber of death, and Dolly lay in her little bed, sleeping her last sleep.

Finally, Emilia bethought herself that perhaps her sister might have left a letter behind, and went softly to search for it, the old man's eyes following her eagerly.

But Dolly, when she had left her room the night before, had intended to return, as we know; consequently, Emilia found nothing.

The girl's garden-hat was missing from its usual place—nothing more. The roses she had gathered the day before bloomed gayly in their vase, as if in mockery. Dolly had loved flowers, and all beautiful things, and all beautiful things loved her. The animals, when they were sick, seemed to know where to fly for succor and sympathy, and would come with plaintive murmurs and appealing eyes, asking for help where help was never denied.

She had a power of drawing all things to her, through the influence of her loving nature and gentle ways.

It was this very softness that had led her astray; for Dolly, although she could say "yes" ever so sweetly, had never learnt to say "no."

Having finished her fruitless search, Emilia came back to her father's side, and stood there silently, waiting to be questioned, if he cared to question, but resolved that she would not tell him of her own accord what she knew.

He seemed to be fighting with some great horror and dread that had assailed him, for his face was hidden in his hands, and she could see that he trembled violently in every limb.

At last, with a might effort, he looked full at her, and spoke.

"Well," he said, huskily, "I thought you had something to tell me?"

"If you wish to hear it, father."

"I have no choice."

"I don't think it is quite so bad, perhaps, as you imagine. Dolly is married!"

A sigh of relief broke through the old farmer's pallid lips, and he wiped the huge beads of perspiration off his forehead with a steadier hand.

Emilia had relapsed into silence again, but he urged her on.

"I haven't heard all yet. Why do you stop?"

"I am afraid you won't be pleased with the husband she has chosen, papa."

"Maybe not; but she has to live with him, not I—and so if he pleases her— Who is it?" he added, abruptly.

"William de Lacy."

"God forbid that you should mean Wild Will!" he ejaculated, fervently; "for that would almost break my heart outright."

Emilia lowered her head silently, hoping that he would understand. But it seemed as if Mr. de Lacy were bewildered and stunned by the blow he had received, and was beyond a hint, however plain.

Finding she did not speak, he put out his hand with an impatient gesture, and drew her close to him, looking her sternly in the eyes.

"Now tell me the name of my child's husband, in plain words, that I can understand. Do you hear?"

"It is Wild Will, father."

The effect of this assurance was very different from what Emilia had anticipated. Instead of enraging the father, it suddenly softened and subdued him.

"God knows she needs all my pity, then," he answered, quietly; "poor, unhappy child! How came she to take a fancy to that man, after all I said against him?"

"It was because you spoke against him that she did, I am sure," replied Emilia, who was both penetrating and astute. "She is so tender-hearted, that, hearing him abused, she began directly to find excuses for him in her own mind. And then he has a way with him that is bright and pleasant, somehow; and he was very quiet and nice all the time he was here."

"I wish to Heaven he had never come! One doesn't like to turn one's back on a relative, especially when he is down in the world; and I fancied none of my daughters would ever take to a scoundrel like that, or he should never have darkened my doors!"

"But you are not very angry with poor Dolly, papa?"

"Angry with Dolly?" he repeated, in a dazed fashion. "I never gave her a harsh word since she was born—and why should I begin now? She wants tenderness more than ever, since she has married that man."

"Perhaps she will come back—"

"What! and leave her husband? Nay; having married, she must cling to him; she has no right here. I pity her with all my heart—but she must abide by what she has done."

"Only that she is so young, papa."

"She was old enough to do without counsel or advice, it seems," he answered, with a slight tinge of bitterness in his tone; "when you set up to be wiser than your elders, you must manage without them."

"But if ever she were to come home, papa, you wouldn't deny her?" pleaded Emilia.

"What do you take me for? I never denied her anything yet, and it's too late to begin now."

Emilia looked at him anxiously. This calm gravity was so unlike his usual man-

ner, that it frightened her more than any violent outburst of rage and grief.

But as if he did not intend that Emilia should know what he suffered, lest it should be held to Dolly's reproach afterward, he staggered to his feet, and left the room.

Emilia heard his slow, heavy step on the stairs; heard him whistle to Rover, the watch-dog, to follow him when he got outside, and saw him disappear down the lane.

Rover came back at noon, but not his master.

When night fell, and there was no sign of him, his daughters understood that, in spite of his assumed respect for the vows Dolly had contracted, he would fain coax her away from the reckless young fellow who would, assuredly, break poor Dolly's tender little heart.

The evening of the third day the old farmer returned; but he looked so utterly weary and desolate—so stern of eye and lip, that neither of his daughters dared ask him any questions.

He came to his usual place at table as naturally as if he had never been away, and after having asked a blessing, sat down.

He bowed his head in a reverent fashion over the final amen, and then he looked from one to the other of his daughters, and addressed them thus: "I wish you both to understand that I forgive Dolly everything. Do you hear?"

"Yes, father," they answered, simultaneously.

"And that if she ever comes back *alone*, my doors are open to her. You hear that, too?"

They bowed their heads wonderingly.

"I do not blame her in the least," the old man went on; "but, as for the fellow who seduced her from her duty, I not only blame him—I curse him!"

His words rang out clear and loud, and his dim eye fired.

"Yes, I curse him! He has robbed me of a treasure he will cease to value himself when the first novelty has passed. I made him welcome under my roof, and gave him of my best; in return, he stole from me my one little ewe lamb. I try to forgive my enemies, but Heaven knows I cannot forgive that. So that if you see Dolly coming back alone one of these days, open the door and give her a ready welcome; but never let her husband cross my threshold whilst I am inside, living or dead. That is all I have to say. Don't let her name be spoken before me from this hour; and if any letter should come, lay it down beside me without a word. If you only leave me alone, I shall do very well."

But when Dolly's letter did come, her passionate, tender, pleading letter, asking forgiveness for herself first, and then for the husband she loved so dearly, the old farmer read it from beginning to end without comment.

He handed it to his daughters then; but watching them jealously until it was back in his possession again, he said, "Let Dolly's room be kept ready; she will be coming home soon."

There was nothing in her letter to lead to this supposition, but they were careful not to hint this, as it seemed such a comfort to the old man to believe that Dolly would soon be flitting back to the warm shelter she had deserted.

Every day he made a visit to her room, to see that all things were in order for her reception; and until Emilia knew this, she wondered how it came about that there were always fresh flowers in the vase.

And so he waited; his pale, patient, pathetic face growing older and older; his figure more bent; his brow more deeply lined; but never weary all the time; for in his heart he was always murmuring, "Dolly will come back soon."

Until even Emilia grew jealous of this memory, which was more to him than any reality, the very salt and savor of his life, and began to yearn for her sister with passionate longing, lest Dolly should come—but come too late!

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MAUD ON HER PAROLE.

We must now follow Maud, still bound by her parole, and jump at once to the first evening after her arrival.

She had dined with Mr. Mordaunt, and had left him in company with his page, who was preparing his pipe, which she little imagined was filled with a mixture of hemp-seed and opium, which sent him, after a certain number of whiffs, into a kind of fool's paradise.

When he once had given way to this horrible passion he would be fastened in, and under no circumstances would see anybody.

On leaving the dining-room Maud repaired to that splendid apartment in which her mother had first seen Lady Hester, and, more for the sake of company than anything else, she rang the bell for Martha to bring her tea.

"Two cups," said Maud, with a smile, as her attendant looked round the grand but rather gloomy apartment. "You do not suppose I am going to sit here all alone?"

"But—but—your—I mean Mr. Mordaunt?" began Martha, in a rather frightened voice.

"Is at his wine, and will not see me any more to-night," replied Maud.

Upon this positive assertion, the young girl consented to obey her mistress, and, descending to the regions below, brought up the tea-things for two herself.

"And now," said Maud, "that we are cosy and snug, how do you like Trendledeep?"

"It's very grand, and very nice, and very dull," replied the girl.

"You wouldn't like to remain here all your life, then?" observed Maud.

"Law, miss, ain't you going to run away?" cried the astonished handmaiden.

"No, I am not—at all events, at present. Supposing, now, this house and everything in it, and all the land around, belonged to you, would you run away and leave it?" asked the young lady, with a flash of singular light in her eyes—a light which revealed the native love of wealth and power, and rank common to us all, even to an unsophisticated girl.

Martha looked up, very much surprised indeed.

"Yes, Martha; and now that we have spoken on the subject, I wish to let you understand a little of the motives which make me remain here freely. It appears that I am no less a personage than Lucy Maud Adela Mordaunt, heiress of the house."

"But the signorina?" exclaimed the bewildered girl.

"Is my mother."

"But your father?" she continued.

"There," said Maud, with an odd smile, "you place me in a difficult position. I am claimed by two papas. Mr. Mordaunt insists that he is my father, while I have always thought that Mr. Meriton stood in that relation to me. Well, it's an odd state of things, but will, I daresay, come all right in the end; and now, if you have done your tea, get my hat and cloak, and we will have a stroll in the park."

Martha, nothing loth, obeyed, and a short time afterward, the two strolled out through the open window across the lawn.

The lawn was close to the picturesque and beautiful gardens from which it was separated by a narrow plantation of firs. Through this was a pathway that led by a circuitous route in the direction of the park itself.

Maud had noticed this circumstance from her window, and, therefore, followed the track as if she were quite familiar with its windings.

Once she halted, clutched her companion's arm, and listened.

"We are followed," she whispered.

But, though she listened with all her ears, though she strained every nerve to detect the presence of a spy, she heard nothing more, and soon continued on her way.

Not a minute elapsed ere the dark figure of the head domestic of the house emerged from the wood. He wore list slippers, and stepped with extreme caution. There was a sarcastic smile on his face as he muttered to himself—

"The master is a fool! The birds will fly the nest if not watched."

But Maud continued on her way, talking, laughing, even jesting with Martha, as if she were quite at home. It was strange, but perfectly true, that of her right as mistress of Trendledeep she had not the slightest doubt. She walked upon the soft turf, she looked up at the gnarled oaks and stately elms, she gazed around at mound and hillock, as if it were really all her own.

"Is it not a beautiful domain?" observed Maud, after a short pause in the conversation.

Martha was accustomed to the footlights, to the activity and bustle of town, to the seductions of London and Paris, so that things did not appear to her just in the same light as they did to Maud.

"Well, miss, if there were only some Chinese lanterns, and picturesque peasants, and half a dozen ballet dancers, and some music, it would be all very well."

Maud fairly leaned against a tree and burst out laughing.

"Why, you silly goose, do you want to spoil the park with your stage properties? You would turn the trees and the deer into pasteboard daubed with ochre, you unfeeling girl," she said.

"Well, miss, I've been used to go to the play all my life, and I'm sure it's very pretty."

"Pretty! Yes; but as different from this lovely scene, from this bright and glorious night, as any sham is from the reality. Give me those I love around me, and never would I wish to leave this place."

It was Martha's turn to laugh now, and to declare that she, too, could be happy if *all she loved* were there. Maud blushed, and, reaching a rustic seat under a wide-spreading and magnificent oak—the glory of the park—seated herself.

The spot she had now reached was near the corner of the park, where high walls cut it off from the main road. The oak was on a small hillock, and so wide-spread that its boughs, in many instances, actually rested on the wall, and had done so for years, boughs as long as the trunk of many ordinary trees.

To Maud it was one of the most romantic spots she had ever seen, and here being a romantic nature it seemed to be extremely delightful to sit there, dwelling in deep thought on the past, the present, and the inscrutable future.

Martha, whose character was very different, shivered a little, and then, aware that her mistress was in a kind of vague dream, glanced about with something of the feeling of a new settler in the backwoods of America.

Suddenly she touched her mistress's arm, and pointed to a tall figure standing up under a distant tree, furtively gazing at the two girls.

Maud started, looked in the direction indicated, and then spoke.

"I know we are watched," she said, quietly; "they are afraid we shall escape."

"But will you really not escape now you have the chance?" urged Martha.

"No! I like the old place, for myself, and I think my remaining here may do a great deal of good."

"What good, miss, may I ask?"

"Bringing my father and mother together, and then a happy state of things for everybody," replied Maud, who, to say the truth, was very far from afraid—courage being one of the well-known attributes of the Mordaunts.

At this moment a small pellet or parcel fell at the speaker's feet.

"Don't move," said she, with singular self-possession, glancing round to see if they were watched.

The tall figure was turned from them, so that Maud picked up the parcel without being noticed.

She then rose without any comment, turned toward the house, and walked slowly along the narrow pathway that led to the lawn in front of the house.

Maud, though brought up in a home where she had no greater trial than the occasional absences of the person she had learned to love as her parent and friend—trouble enough for her young heart—had seen enough of the world to develop in her that rare forethought and intelligence which was the most marked feature in her character.

It will, therefore, not surprise the reader that she returned to the house without making the slightest effort at opening the little parcel.

As soon, however, as they were in the drawing-room where they had taken tea, Maud rang, and in rather an imperious manner ordered lights, and the windows to be closed.

The order was at once obeyed, as readily as if Maud had been the legal mistress.

As soon as this was done and the servants dismissed, Maud bade Martha fasten the door.

Her pale cheeks were now truly a little flushed. Everybody who has ever been in love, however slight, will comprehend the uppermost feeling in the heart of Maud.

As the little parcel fell at her feet, as an acorn might have done, her first impulse was to tear it open and devour its contents. Two feelings restrained her—the first, the natural shamefacedness of every delicate-minded girl to read her lover's letter before even a servant-maid; the second, a belief that every motion, every act, every word was watched.

She now opened what proved to be merely a slip of paper, made heavy by means of a penknife, and on which were written a very few words:

"I watch you at your mother's request. Every morning at four o'clock I shall be at the large oak, until I succeed in speaking to you. Your devoted friend,

"WALTER ARUNDELL."

To say that Maud was not disappointed would be wholly untrue; but she was too well aware of the high esteem in which her mother held the officer of dragoons not to be thoroughly aware that she had a devoted friend at hand.

But how was she to communicate with him? This was one of those difficulties which were easier raised than solved.

It was not likely that she would be watched any less carefully in the morning than she would be at night.

At all events, it was clear that she was not deserted, and that one in whom she had every confidence, one whom she could turn to in an hour of dire distress, was at hand, one through whom she could communicate with her mother; and, with this solace to her anxious feelings, with this sense of relief to her mind, she shortly after retired to her chamber, accompanied by Martha, without whose presence she never appeared to feel safe.

Maud made no attempt to go out into the park that night, but, after tossing about in her bed for some considerable time, slept the sleep of the innocent and pure, more to be coveted with clean straw than the grandest repose that can be found on down and beneath canopies of the richest tapestry of gold, where care and sorrow corrode the heart.

It was late when she awoke to find herself alone, with the hot sun streaming in through the window, and the birds singing merrily and cheerfully in the garden below.

An hour later, she was summoned to preside at the breakfast-table, to which Mr. Mordaunt sat down with a pale, cadaverous face, shifting and uneasy glances, and a lowness of spirits, which to an experienced eye would have told strange tales of the heavy and stupefying intoxication of the previous night.

He, however, evidently forced himself to be cheerful, and even to speak with Maud in a pleasant and agreeable way, as if to hide the deep and gnawing sense of fear and suffering which at the time appeared to be driving him out of his senses.

"I shall ride to-day," he said, at last, when the breakfast was over and they were quite alone. "I have important business to transact. You will not leave the park until my return."

"You have my promise. But when do you mean that *I* shall write fully to my mother?"

Mr. Mordaunt paused, gnawed his lips, and frowned darkly.

"You are very anxious," he said.

"My mother has long been, as it were, a stranger to me," she replied, "and, now that she is found, is very dear to me. I cannot live separate from her long."

"I do not wish you to," was his slow and reserved answer; "she and you and I have been too long separated. Nothing is nearer my heart than a desire to have her acknowledge her husband and her daughter, the heiress of the house of Mordaunt. To-night on my return you shall write to her."

"One moment, sir."

"What is your will?"

"I have given you my word, the word of a Mordaunt, not to attempt to escape. Why, then, am I watched in my walk?"

"Watched! When and how?"

Maud explained.

"I gave no orders," he said, gnawing his fingers angrily; "but it shall not occur again."

"Many thanks," said Maud, moved despite herself.

And so the two parted—he to ride on an errand that savored of the wild eccentricity of his character; she to live another day of hope and fear, in which, however, the former greatly predominated.

If, as some have asserted, and as by some is believed, there is a second sight, Maud was gifted with it, and appeared to see before her, as in a panorama, all the events which were about to happen, vaguely in mercy, but still in a kind of outline that was sufficient to give her comfort and satisfaction.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CAPTAIN'S SUCCESS.

Love has ever been the most close and selfish of casuists. It was all very well for Captain Walter Arundell to persuade himself that with regard to Maud Meriton he was acting a straightforward course. True, that Cecil Mordaunt was almost a boy, and very likely to forget one who was scrupulously secreted from his sight, but in his inmost heart he could not but feel that he was rivalling his friend and pupil.

The flimsy veil which his accusing conscience had enabled him to throw over at first the identity of Maud Meriton and the Signorita della Rocca could not be maintained many hours, and the truth remained that he was very desperately in love with a young lady who appeared to answer in some way to the Irish description of three gentlemen in one.

He had in the silent watches of the night, when secluded in his chamber, walking in the woods to cool his burning cheek and brow, dwelt morbidly on his affection for this little girl, until at last his feelings had carried him so far that he regarded Cecil, as it were, as his enemy and rival, while he himself was the wild and passionate lover of Maud!

As soon as he found that the girl had been abducted, he set his wits to work. He had received quite sufficient hint from the signorina to know that he could not use violence, and that the interference of the police was likely to be far more injurious than otherwise.

"This man has, to all appearance, some claim on her," she had urged, unable to explain the truth. "But she must be taken from him."

And with this and a few more explanations, Captain Walter Arundell took his departure, and obtaining leave of absence, commenced his search.

He was—thanks to the hurried explanations and regrets expressed by the Signorina della Rocca—almost as convinced as she was that the girl had fallen into the hands of Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, and it was upon his track that he at once started.

But he soon found the track was one of greater difficulty than he expected.

To enter the house of Mr. Mordaunt was impossible, and to watch him useless.

His life was, to a certain extent, that of a recluse; for though he continually appeared in public, he frequented no clubs, joined in no coteries, and coldly refused all invitations. His life was, to all appearance, extremely monotonous.

One declared and open vice he had, and that was gambling; and when Captain Arundell contrived to visit the particular "infernal region" he patronized, he found him to be a close and cautious player, cunning and wilful, and winning much oftener than he lost.

What struck the captain most—indeed, it did every one—was the cold, calm dignity of his manner. He was never uncivil, never uncourteous, but his whole mien repelled the slightest approach to familiarity.

The captain had long ago been on speaking terms with him, and was even advanced to the dignity of smoking a cigar and taking a cup of coffee with the master of Trendledeep.

This was chiefly on account of his being so great a traveller. Both had visited far and distant regions, and had brought back many stories of adventure, many strange and even happy recollections.

Captain Arundell exerted himself to his utmost. His object was to please, and, to a certain extent, he succeeded; but he waited in vain for what he chiefly coveted—an invitation to the other's house.

Still, his diligence did not relax. A man named Dixon, who had attended him during his numerous travels, was set to watch his every proceeding. This domestic—who was both acute and cunning, and, moreover, much attached to his master—put on the costume of a groom out of place, and, having some money, easily scraped acquaintance with Mr. Mordaunt's inferior domestics.

But, then, unfortunately for him, they knew nothing. Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt was much too far-seeing a man not to have a well-trained household. His servants were admirably paid, treated with great indulgence, while not an error, however slight, was ever forgiven.

The mortal sin in that house was to speak without of anything that occurred within.

He was well served, therefore, and as Maud was secretly removed to Richmond while Trendledeep was being got ready, he learned nothing.

The first news which Captain Arundell heard of Mr. Hubert Treherne's departure was the next day.

Not a servant, a carriage, was to be seen, and, in answer to Dixon's astounded questions, the answer was—

"Went out of town yesterday."

And yet the captain and Hubert Mordaunt had smoked a cigar together on the previous evening, and, by the latter's invitation, Arundell had even walked to the other's door with him.

"I am happy to renew your acquaintance, Captain Arundell," said Hubert. "I suppose you are fond of shooting?"

"Of course—very."

"I will not forget, then, to ask your company when the annual slaughter of the innocents commences," said Hubert, and, with a bow, he ascended his steps.

When, therefore, Captain Arundell found that he had taken his departure that very day, he was naturally indignant; but as he had every reason to believe that he knew his man, he determined to fight with him on his own grounds.

It was not difficult to trace Hubert Mordaunt, and he at once followed him.

As he whirled down in the express, various and conflicting thoughts occupied his mind. The character of the man was a deep mystery to him, while, what his precise claim upon Maud could be, it was impossible for him to say. Upon this point Lucia della Rocca said nothing.

She had told him, as yet, nothing of the mystery of her life, but she had sufficiently hinted her favoritism to lead Captain Arundell to believe that the reward of his devotion would be anything he chose to ask.

And what other reward could the captain ask save the hand of her daughter?

Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt had several estates, the most considerable of which was the manor of Trendledeep, and, on arriving in the county, Captain Arundell had no difficulty in finding out that the master had come down with a large retinue to his old residence, and that he was, to the astonishment of all, accompanied by ladies.

He at once took up his abode at the Mordaunt Arms, where his suave yet commanding manners at once made him a favorite, even before the owners found out that both himself and men were very liberal paymasters.

Then he reconnoitred. Putting on a plain shooting-jacket and slouched hat, he strolled about in the most unconcerned manner possible, for the sake of appearances carrying a fishing-rod with him.

Thus passed two days.

On the third night he was returning from a late stroll when he heard voices.

The ears of a lover are quick, and Captain Arundell at once recognized the well-known intonations of Maud.

What passed we know.

Now that he had found the young girl, though yearning at her captivity, not complaining, and resolved to leave the guardianship of Hubert Mordaunt openly, his course of action was necessarily changed.

He determined to act in the first place without any further attempt at concealment.

Accordingly, he next morning put on a neat but simple morning-dress, and at the conventional hour when people belonging to the world are supposed to be up, called upon Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, and sent in his card.

In two minutes more he was ushered into the library, where he was kept waiting some little time.

Then the master of the house entered in rather a hurried way, with a half-scared face, and shook him by the hand.

"To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?" he said.

"The fact is," replied Captain Arundell, with a laugh, "when I found you had left town, I contrived to find some business in this direction. I have very few friends, and London is the worst solitude I know."

"And so you seek the recluse?" said Hubert, showing his teeth.

"You said something about giving me some shooting. Such an offer is not to be refused."

"Come and dine with me at six," was the frank reply. "I may as well mention that you will meet ladies."

Captain Arundell bowed, rose, shook the other by the hand, and left quite elated at his victory over the secluded man, who refused to make any friends.

He little understood the other's motive.

Hubert Treherne Mordaunt was still, as he had always been, a moody and saturnine character. No one knew better than himself the dangers of his position. He intended to make use of the young girl to make his identity unassailable.

That he liked her there could be no doubt. He had, in his wild and passionate way, worshipped as well as hated Lucy, and her child appeared to him still more beautiful.

There was, however, in all he did an under-current of selfish consideration for himself. Rich, independent, without any impediment in his path, there were shadows on his way, which appeared to lengthen as they grew older.

A constant and feverish dread assailed him.

He never retired to rest without locking and bolting the doors and windows.

The table by his bedside was a perfect armory. Within reach of his hand, lay two pair of revolvers, with a dagger and a small vial of prussic acid, which he secreted ere he admitted his valet, and put out every evening when his door was once fastened.

No one but himself knew the horrors of those solitary nights, when his sole companions were fear and remorse.

He spent half the midnight hours walking about his room, rarely going to sleep until numerous glasses of brandy brought him to a state of semi-stupor.

His life was, in truth, one long agony, but so dear is existence and liberty, that he bore it without murmuring, like the Spartan boy letting the fox gnaw his entrails without complaint.

But his haggard and pallid features, his restless eyes, his twitching, quivering lips, showed what he suffered.

And now the shadows were gathering round him, and beginning to assume shape and form.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE DINNER PARTY.

Captain Arundell was true to his appointment. Punctuality may be the politeness of kings—it is in all persons a mark of good breeding.

He was ushered into a magnificent drawing-room. At first he saw only Mr. Hubert Mordaunt, who received him with a strange mixture of familiarity, haughtiness, and condescension.

"Welcome to Trendledeep," he said, as he shook hands without unbending. "Lucy, my dear, this is Captain Walter Arundell."

She advanced, radiant with beauty, despite her pallor, and shook hands also.

"My daughter—Lucy Maud Treherne Mordaunt," continued the master of the house, with a strong and marked emphasis on the word daughter.

Captain Walter Arundell could only bow—he was completely bewildered.

Had he not already known this extraordinary girl under two different phases of existence? And now she was introduced as the daughter and heiress of his host!

"I hope you have been well since we last met," he said, courteously.

"Quite well," she answered, with a smile.

How he watched them!

"The country air suits you," he continued, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Pretty well," she added; and then, with apparent unconcern, she asked, "And how is Sir Vincent, Lady Blanche, and Mr. Cecil?"

"Very well when last I saw them," was the cold reply.

At this moment the rector and his wife and daughter were announced, and the conversation became general.

"Dinner!" said the pompous voice of the butler, as he cast open the folding doors of the banquet-room.

Captain Arundell looked toward Mr. Mordaunt, who motioned toward his daughter. The gallant officer offered his arm, and led the way without hesitation.

True politeness is never fussy. A true gentleman would as soon pour alcohol down your throat as press you to eat.

The dinner was rather solemn. The clergyman, who was a new incumbent appointed during the absence of Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, was rather timid with his patron and landlord; his wife was so full of her importance, and of the thought of what would be said by her neighbors when they heard she had dined at the house, that they were not very talkative, so that the conversation fell chiefly into the hands of Captain Arundell and Mr. Hubert himself fortunately for the company.

For with all his wild, weird way of talking, the master of Trendledeep Manor was very entertaining. He had always something to say; his adventures, especially in the East, were of a character quite novel in England. And then Captain Walter Arundell—he, with his youth and enthusiasm, and the knowledge that the woman he loved—or whom he fancied he loved, which is, after all, very much the same thing—listening to him, his eloquence was simply entrancing.

The ladies at last, however, rose, and left the gentlemen to themselves; not for long, however. Mr. Mordaunt noticed that Captain Walter slighted the wine, and, with his native politeness—which rarely, despite his other faults, ever deserted him—called for coffee.

He could scarcely make the young soldier out. He was so much more earnest and solid than most men of his cloth; he had fits of abstraction which almost might be called moody, which puzzled his entertainer.

The captain, in truth, was not pleased with himself or with Lucy.

There had been something in the tone with which she had asked after young Cecil which haunted him.

Was he crossing their young loves? Now that he believed himself in love for the first time was his path to be crossed by a boy?

This was one of the thoughts which passed through the mind of the young man as he entered the drawing-room, where Lucy, well knowing the tastes of her guardian, had not only provided tea and *liqueurs*, but had laid out a card-table, at the sight of which the young man shuddered, as it was rather against his inclination to join in whist when the lady of his thoughts was present.

Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, however, set him at once at his ease.

"Rector," he said, in merry tones, "I understand you are a whist family. I will take Miss Amelia against yourself and wife, and mind your half-crowns, for I mean to win."

Now Miss Amelia, being fat, fair, and nearly forty, was far more ready for whist than anything else, while to be chosen by the lord of the manor, and her father's own patron, as a partner, was quite an unexpected honor. She accordingly curtseyed and took her place with a gratified smile, leaving Lucy to do the honors to Captain Walter Arundell.

The gallant soldier, released in this unexpected manner from playing cards with people he did not care about, was almost in the seventh heaven of happiness.

Lucy was calm, cool, collected. The girl had ripened much during her last few weeks of trials. Events had passed so rapidly that she could scarcely make out exactly what had happened. The father she had so long loved, the mother she had so long mourned, were now replaced by a comparative stranger, who claimed to be her only parent.

But, well aware that a strange mystery was being enacted before her eyes, she never for one moment gave credence to the assertion that the merchant, Meriton, was not her true father.

She was satisfied that Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt had some claim upon her—he had satisfied her of that; but she remained staunch and firm to her old lover.

Nevertheless, for reasons best known to herself, she remained quite quiescent.

"You made quite a disappearance, Miss Lucy, or Miss Maud—I know not which to call you," said the captain, quite timidly.

"Call me Maud," she replied, laughingly. "That was the name you knew me first by at Teddington."

He bowed.

"Our meetings," she continued, "have taken place under singular circumstances. First, your friend's accident introduces us; then we meet at the Signorina della Rocca's; and now you find me an inmate of the house of Mr. Mordaunt."

"Your father—surely I heard aright."

"Time works wonders," she added, gravely. "There is a mystery with regard to me which I cannot fathom; but I am patient. Let us talk of something else. Have you seen my mother?"

"The signorina?"

"Yes."

"It is at her earnest wish and command that I have followed on your track," he answered.

"Ah! is she near?"

"She soon will be. I have written to say that I have discovered your retreat. She will be here at once."

"She must not come to this house without warning me. We must meet in secret. Tell her so, and arrange for her to be in the park, where you first saw me, any night at twelve. I will then resolve my doubts."

"It shall be as you say."

"You have seen Sir Vincent and Lady Mordaunt?" she added, with something of a conscious blush.

"Sir Vincent and I are not very intimate," was the cold answer. "I only know them through Cecil, who is always my friend."

"And Balthazar—I mean Mr. John Haldane—and his daughter?" she added, with some slight malice in her tone and manner.

"They are well," he replied, also coldly, the recollection being at that moment not particularly pleasant.

There now began one of those conversations which are natural among young people who see before them a life of happiness and hope. Both had seen something of the world, though Lucy's experiences were not very great. Walter, however, like Othello, had seen much, both by flood and field, and told his experiences of men and countries with a pathetic eloquence which was music to the ear of the inexperienced girl.

But not a chord of her heart was touched.

There are women who are capable of easily forgetting the object of their first affections. These are, perhaps, the happy women of this world, in which there exist so many stumbling-blocks to real and uncontrolled felicity. But there are also women who never forget.

Some allow the memory of the absent to fade from their thoughts like a shadow. With others, the man of their youthful choice is permanently engraven on their hearts, so that nothing can ever drive away the image.

Lucy had given her affections without reserve to Cecil, and it was not in her nature to withdraw them. He might forget her, but she—yes, she would be faithful unto death.

Now, Captain Walter Arundell, though just upon thirty years of age, was inexperienced in love, and saw only the bright side of the future. Lucy listened to him with complacency.

That was sufficient. He had yet to learn the difference between the sunny smile of deep love and the mere expression of pleasure.

When the master of the house rose from cards and summoned the tray, which he was old-fashioned enough to place on the table every night, Captain Walter Arundell was in the seventh heaven of delight. He was intoxicated with hope.

All his scruples faded before the beauty of Lucy. The clergyman was of early habits, and his carriage was ordered at ten. Captain Arundell would have retired at the same time, but Mr. Mordaunt strongly objected.

"The night is fine, you have your horse and servant," he said; "I must insist on one cigar."

Walter Arundell had nothing to refuse to the parent or guardian of Lucy. Ten minutes later he and Mr. Hubert were alone in the snuggery of the master of the house.

CHAPTER L.

THE STRANGE INTERVIEW.

Captain Walter Arundell had a difficult part to play.

He had started on his journey in pursuit of Lucy more as the agent of the signorina than anything else. He was now acting on his own account. One thing he knew. He had the approval of the mother with regard to his own suit. Should he be able to gain that of the man who asserted that he was her father? And, then, should he have the approval of his own conscience—of his own heart?

This was his chief, his constant fear.

When we strive to blind ourselves to the weakness or wickedness of any of our actions—no matter how much we may seek to force our consciences—there is always a still and gentle whisper which awakens us to a sense of our injustice.

But Captain Walter was infatuated—blinded to his own course of action—by the beauty and loveliness of the girl who had subjugated his soul.

The master of the house put wine and brandy with cigars before his guest, helped himself to the spirit rather copiously, and began to smoke.

For a time he spoke almost at random of indifferent things. It was quite evident that his mind was far away from the subject on which he appeared interested.

At length he filled his glass a second time, lit up a fresh cigar, and spoke in a clear and distinct voice—

"Captain Walter Arundell, a word with you. We have spoken on indifferent subjects long enough. Now, if you please, to business."

"To business?" cried the other, with a searching look.

"Yes, sir."

"I am all attention."

"I want to know why and wherefore you keep such a sharp look-out upon me—why you have followed me to Trendledeep Manor? I don't ask the question in an offensive spirit—quite the contrary."

"The fact is," said the officer, with something like hesitation, and a very girlish blush, "I have for some time been much interested in Miss Lucy."

"For some time?"

"Yes."

"Then you knew her when you met her here?"

"I did."

"May I ask how and when?"

"Some time ago, my friend, Cecil Mordaunt, was thrown from his horse and carriage, and received into the house of a Mr. Meriton, where he found Miss Maud Meriton—now Miss Lucy Mordaunt—who nursed him through the phases of a dangerous illness. I called upon him several times, and was enchanted by the gentleness and delicacy of the young lady."

"Humph! and then?"

"I saw her in the company of the celebrated Signorina della Rocca—and now I find her recognized as the daughter and heiress of this house."

"Which she is. So you are enchanted with her?" muttered this strange being.

"Sir!"

"Speak plainly, openly."

"I love her!"

"Young man," said Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, with a strange gleam in his dark eyes, "I have seen much of active life, and rarely have been mistaken in a man. I like you—but I am, though retired from the world, peculiarly amenable to public opinion. I must not give my daughter to any but a man whose antecedents are well known. Can you prove your family to be equal to ours?"

A dark blush suffused the bronzed cheek of the soldier of fortune.

"I know nothing of my family. I have earned my fortune with my sword and the aid of friends. But I have every reason to believe that whenever I think proper to inquire into the matter, I shall find myself the heir of high fortunes."

"You know nothing of your origin?"

"Nothing. I have for years been dependant on one John Haldane—known once as Balthazar. He has aided me, pushed me on, found me an ample revenue, but always with the solemn reservation that I am entitled to as much or more, in my own right."

"There is, then, a great mystery in your life?" asked Hubert Mordaunt, speaking to himself.

"Simply because I have been too careless to solve it—at all events, such is my belief."

"Then solve it, sir."

"I will, and at once."

"And should you be able with any good grace to claim the hand of Lucy Treherne Mordaunt, she is yours. Rely upon my co-operation."

"But Miss Lucy may have other views?" stammered the captain.

"Miss Treherne Mordaunt will have no will save that of her natural guardian," replied the other, with a cold and strange gleam of the eye.

Captain Walter Arundell bowed. He scarcely knew what to say. His heart was naturally too loyal and true to feel capable of forcing the inclinations of any one. But it was a great thing for him to have the consent of both persons who claimed to have a right over her.

"You are curious to know why she has been separated from me so long?" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt.

"If it be not too great a secret," said Walter Arundell.

"It must be no secret from you," replied the master of the house, with a dark frown.

"I am the elder of two brothers," he began, looking into the fire, as if to seek inspiration in the hot and glowing embers, "and was always not only the heir, but the favorite of my father, as of the old heiress of Trendledeep. Albert was wild, eccentric—not to say mad. Unfortunately, we loved the same woman, a girl upon whom the Dowager Mordaunt had fixed her choice as heir. Heaven knows even now whom she really loved! At all events, she became the wife of the elder brother, and heir of the name and property of Treherne—henceforward Mordaunt. Albert feigned indifference. But in his heart he ever planned revenge, and for that purpose for a long time bided his time. A child—a daughter and sole heiress—was born. This child was stolen from its parents. Whether the mother connived at the deed cannot be known, but shortly afterward she disappeared, and I never saw her again except as the Signorina della Rocca—married."

"No, not married—under the guardianship of an old musical professor of the name of Della Rocca, whom she had known in Paris," replied Captain Walter Arundell.

"Oh!" said Mr. Mordaunt, with a start, "not married to that fellow? Well, never mind—she left her home, abandoning her husband, about whom she must have had some strange hallucination, for she wrote before she fled this extraordinary letter."

And, drawing from his breast coat pocket a small packet, he gave the young man the epistle and deed which, in her despair, Lucy Mordaunt had left behind her.

The young man read both attentively, the other's eyes fixed upon him with a strange expression of curiosity and expectation.

"Strange—very strange!" mused Walter. "The writer of this letter must have been under some strange hallucination, or have suffered some desperate injury that must have made her almost mad."

Mad! The master of the house glared at him with a look so ferocious that, had he seen it, he must have been startled. But his eyes were fixed upon the papers which he held in his hand.

"They are not the deeds of a very sane person, truly," said the other, with a strange laugh; "but you know women are not very sensible on certain topics. Once let a woman believe that she is not loved, and she becomes incapable of reasoning. Now you know my story. My daughter has returned to me, the sole heiress of the house of Trendledeep is in my hands—she is upon the estate which is to be hers eventually. But I have two cruel enemies—her mother and my brother. I shall have no peace until she is married and has a protector. If you marry her, as long as I live you must reside with me. In all but name you will be the complete master. The whole country would, however, rise in arms against me if I allowed my child to wed one whose family was unknown. Therefore, I say, solve the mystery of your birth, and she is yours. I think I have spoken plainly enough. If you will order your horse to be sent around, I will walk across the park to the ferry-gate with you. The air will do me good."

As he rose he drained a whole tumbler of brandy, lit another cigar, and rang a bell.

A domestic answered it instantly. The horse was ordered, and, five minutes later, the two men were on their way through the park by a path which was singularly retired and beautiful.

The two men were silent. Each seemed communing with his own thoughts.

At length they reached a spot where the pathway skirted a pond, round which grew some dark and gloomy firs, that made the pool quite black, except when once now and then the moon shone through one narrow opening between two trees.

"A gloomy spot," said Hubert, casting his cigar into the water.

"Very," replied Walter.

"Just the place for a man weary of his life to end his existence. I fancy it better to die so than to fade away in a sick bed."

"Suicide, Mr. Mordaunt?"

"I am very far from any such thought," said the other, with a wild laugh, which scarcely seemed in consistency with his words; "but it is a notion which, despite myself, comes over me. It appears so tame and senseless to die like everybody else; but I will not trouble you with my strange fancies. The gate yonder is on the latch—good-night."

And he turned abruptly away, Walter Arundell leaving him with something of doubt in his mind as to his entertainer's sanity.

Outside the gate, which was merely latched, and which opened on a small shubbery by the roadside, the young man found his horse. Giving five shillings to the groom, he mounted and rode off.

CHAPTER LI.

THE NIGHT RIDE.

Captain Walter Arundell, for many reasons, was not at all disposed to sleep just then. Men of thirty, when they love, do so with an intensity which the youth of twenty scarcely understands.

The younger love is often a passing sensation, while with the other it is a deep and overwhelming passion.

The soldier had, to a certain extent, won the consent of both parents, though inimical to one another. He had now only to obtain the consent of the young lady herself, which, though in many families a secondary consideration, was with him an absolute necessity. He must win the affections of Lucy, or all else would be vain.

With these thoughts surging through his head, he walked his horse for about ten minutes, brooding over the conversation of the evening.

Then, upon the night air, there rose a ghastly cry—a shriek—a sound that irresistibly roused in his mind the thought of murder.

He stood still, reining in his horse, and listened attentively; but he heard no more.

He was so startled with this sudden interruption of the stillness of the night that he failed to recognize the place from whence the cry had come. It was evidently behind him, and, turning back, he trotted slowly along, in the hope of finding some trace of the misfortune or crime which had just occurred.

He stood still; he hailed once or twice, rode up side lanes, and looked into every suspicious corner.

An hour passed, and in this way Captain Walter had reached to within a hundred yards of the Red Lion, when he saw a man walking swiftly along the middle of the road.

He rode right up to him.

"Did you hear a strange cry just now, my friend?" he said.

The other looked up at him.

He was startled, for, for one moment, he fancied himself in the presence of Mr. Hubert Mordaunt. But, no—that ghastly white face could not be his.

"Captain Walter!" said the man, in a hoarse voice.

"Mr. Meriton, as I live! You are ill!"

"I am," the other answered, as Walter alighted and offered his arm. "I want a bed, and something hot."

The captain now discovered that he was soaking with wet, his teeth chattering, and his whole frame shivering with cold.

He leaned heavily on the other's arm, and then would have fallen to the ground had he not supported him.

Lifting him with great difficulty to the horse, he supported him as best he could until they were at the inn-door. To his surprise, the landlord and a strange gentleman stood on the doorstep, waiting.

"Mr. Meriton has had an accident, I fear," he said; "but, before anything else, get him to bed and give him hot brandy and water."

Not a word more was spoken for a minute or two, the landlord, aided by two women, carrying the unfortunate Mr. Meriton up-stairs, while Grossbeak remained below with Captain Walter Arundell.

"Do you know this gentleman?" asked the confidant of the supposed merchant.

"I do. I met him at the house of Mr. John Haldane, and once or twice at Teddington."

"I am his confidential adviser," said the other, offering the soldier a chair. "Would you have any objection to tell me how you met Mr. Meriton so late?"

Captain Walter Arundell explained that he had spent the evening with Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt.

"You know that man?" said Grossbeak, fixing a strange and suspicious glance on the other.

"Scarcely intimately. I have met him once or twice, and to-day I dined with himself and daughter."

"Daughter!"

"Yes—you seem astonished."

"Young gentleman, when Mr. Meriton is sufficiently recovered, he will explain what now may appear mysterious. Pardon me if I am, in duty to my employer, reserved. Pray continue. You dined with Mr. Mordaunt?"

"I did—remained late, and walked across to the Ferry-gate, near a pool."

"I know—I know! Mr. Meriton goes there every evening to brood."

"There I left Mr. Mordaunt," continued Walter Arundell, who began to fancy himself mixed up in a complicated set of mysteries.

He then described his surprise at the sudden shriek which he had heard, the silence which followed, and his return, and the discovery he made with regard to Mr. Meriton.

"The hour is very late. Would you mind remaining all night?" said Grossbeak. "In the morning Mr. Meriton may wish to see you."

"I will stay willingly," replied the soldier, "if there be a bed."

"I will find a bed," returned the other. "We are quite masters in this house. In the meantime, do me the honor to join me in a glass of wine."

"Are you aware when the mail-cart passes?" asked Captain Walter Arundell.

"At six."

"If you could favor me with pens, ink and paper, I will write some letters and will send them on. By that conveyance I shall gain a day."

"I have a reason—a very grave and powerful reason—for what I am about to say. For the most urgent causes say nothing of Mr. Meriton to Hubert Treherne Mordaunt."

"Not a word! But I find myself in a perfect wilderness of mystery."

"And crime, which will all be clear as noonday—to you as well as to many others—if you will be silent."

"My dear sir, I have no wish to disturb you or Mr. Meriton's arrangements; but I shall be glad to see my way clear. I have the utmost interest in the Mordaunts, in the Signorina della Rocca, in Mr. Meriton, in the young heiress of Trendledeep, but hang me if I do not feel as if I were in a labyrinth."

"The skein will soon be unwound," replied the other, opening a writing-desk and furnishing the soldier with pens, ink and paper.

He himself, after giving orders for the captain's bed, loaded a pipe, mixed himself a stiff glass of grog, and sat musing by the fire.

The epistles of the captain were rather long, and three in number. They were, to all appearance, of deep interest, as the soldier sat over them for some time, for the most part given to thought.

At last they were all written, and Captain Walter Arundell, rising, came round to the fire, placed three epistles on the mantelpiece, and then readily joined the astute Londoner in smoking. The fact was that Walter Arundell was too excited to sleep, and was glad of any excuse to pass the time away.

He soon became deeply interested in the conversation of the confidant of Mr. Meriton.

He was truly a man of the world, and told Walter Arundell some clever and almost incredible stories about London life, derived from his own experiences.

About four, reflecting that he must rise some time the next day, he retired to rest, leaving the friend of Mr. Meriton alone.

With a quick eye he glanced at the letters.

They were directed:—1. John Haldane, Esq., London; 2. Mr. Newcome Twist, Solicitor, London; 3. Signorina della Rocca, London.

"He has kept faith about Hubert Mordaunt," he muttered to himself, "that is so much gained. All we have to do now is to keep snug until Meriton can speak."

And after some further slight refreshment, Mr. Edward Grossbeak retired, after giving the letters to the man who always waited on the mail coach, and who took charge of the correspondence of the house.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 47.)

WHY IS IT?

BY DAISY BURNS.

"Oh, John, I just can't stand it," says pretty Mrs. Lacy to her husband as she twines her arms around his neck and lets her head fall on his bosom.

"Why, what is it, now?" inquires the young husband, smoothing down his wife's tresses.

"Why, your mother, I can't please her. I try to do so, and nothing I do suits her; she has been finding fault with me the whole day, and it is the same thing every day. Do, please dear John, let us go to ourselves."

"But, Lizzie, my dear, that is what we cannot do. Mother is getting old, and she has no one to care for her but me. You ought to try and please her more, for my sake, dear."

"Oh, John, I do try, but it is impossible. She is undoubtedly the hardest woman to please I ever saw."

"I never had any trouble to please her. I suppose, dear, you don't try hard enough."

"It's well enough for you to say that—you never see what I have to undergo. If I go into the kitchen to help her I'm in the way; I had better go back into the house. If I don't help her, I'm lazy and trifling. Now, how am I to do?"

"Umph—it is a pretty hard case, I must confess, but I hope—"

"John! John!" calls a voice from below-stairs.

"Yes, mother, I'm coming."

And John goes down the steps.

"Come in here, son, I want to talk to you," says his mother, leading him in her room and giving him a seat.

"When young men marry, now-a-days," says the old lady, "they don't seem to care any more for mother."

"Oh, yes, mother."

"But I've nothing to say about that; this much I do say, however, John—your wife don't suit me."

"Ah, I am sorry. I had hoped—"

"Only this morning she went to cut a pair of pantaloons for Henry, and ruined them—just literally ruined them."

"Poor little thing. You'll have to teach her, mother. I'll get Henry another pair."

"She don't try to please me in the least thing. If I want her in the kitchen I can't get her, and if I don't want, she's always around. You'd better have married Jane Smith."

"Oh, no, mother, Lizzie and I love one another very dearly; neither of us should have married any one else. She will become used to your ways after awhile, then you'll get on nicely."

"My ways! She wants her own way about everything; I'm to have no say-so in anything."

"Well, I don't see what I'm to do." And John walks to the window, scratching his head, and soliloquizing: "I can't understand it; Lizzie is one of the sweetest, most amiable little creatures in the world, and there never lived a better woman than my mother. Then why is it? Why is it, two good, amiable women cannot live pleasantly and harmoniously together in the same house?"

Ah, John, that's a question that puzzles more than one John.

☞ The Spanish Marshal O'Donnell, on his dying bed, when the priest asked him to forgive his enemies, quietly answered—"Enemies, I have none; I shot them all."

☞ A New Orleans monkey rescued an infant from impending death under the wheels of a horse car the other day.

☞ A Vicksburg bank cashier paid a man $300 too much, and not being able to find the man, and having no money to make the loss good, leaped into the river and drowned himself.

☞ Louisville has unwittingly committed itself to a grand temperance reform by voting to send drunkards home instead of to the lock-up. Not even the most confirmed inebriates require second treatment. They generally come out about the third day, a little more bald and with a scared look about the eyes that tells of the chastening influence of a good Christian home.

☞ The Governor of Illinois recently pardoned a penitentiary convict because they said he was dying of consumption. That pardon did more for that young man than would have been done by twenty dozen bottles of cod-liver oil. In twenty-four hours his lungs were as sound as if they had been made of brass.

☞ A man has committed suicide off Shakspeare's Cliff, at Dover. When about a third of the way up the cliff he sat down on the grass, and after taking off his hat, put two large stones and a card in it, lay down on the edge of the cliff, covered his face with his hands, and rolled over sideways.

☞ It is noticeable that in the United States in 1870 there were 1345 deaths by suicide, while there were only 202 by lightning, in other words, an individual is six times as likely to kill himself as lightning is to kill him.

☞ Those who complain that the heathen Chinee can never become civilized, should have seen an irate saffron-colored Chinese gentleman in Detroit, the other day, bounce an inebriated person out of a laundry. When the battle was over, somebody asked John what it was all about, when he replied: "Melican man gettee tight—foolee around me—me put head on him—no go to jail—dollar a dozen."

☞ New Hampshire, "justly proud of her position as one of the original thirteen, will cheerfully co-operate with her sister States in their efforts to make this [the Centennial] celebration worthy of the great event it is intended to commemorate." This is the way in which the Legislature of the "Granite State" speaks its mind on the subject of the Exhibition of 1876.

☞ A Detroit boy stood an umbrella, with a cord tied to it, in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it and went off without once looking back or stopping to pick it up again.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A belle at Cape May receives ten baskets of flowers daily from her admirers. She is very beautiful, and likewise very wealthy.

☞ Professor Wise's obituary is in type in all the well-regulated newspaper offices.

☞ A man in Morristown, N. J., demands damages from a young lady who brained his savage dog with a club-handled parasol.

☞ A young lady at Lafayette, Ind., sings all the popular songs while fast asleep, and knows nothing about it.

☞ A St. John woman found a gold ring in a head of cabbage.

☞ A western parson delicately began a funeral discourse by alluding to the fact that he had officiated at the hanging of the father of the deceased.

☞ A Dubuque swain wished to marry the Object this fall, but she argued in favor of next spring, when it was decided to regulate the event by a game of chess, in which he beat, of course. She looked out for *that!*

☞ A man at Sibley, Ind., has been dangerously ill from the effects of a musquito bite on one of his fingers.

☞ A slim young man, living in Memphis, goes into a drug store and says:—"Here, give us fifteen glasses of soda-water," and drinks them all.

☞ A Des Moines merchant offered Mrs. Barrett a pair of shoes if she would kiss him, and she went out, borrowed a revolver, and lodged a bullet in his nose. He hasn't any more shoes to give way.

☞ A Lowell lady is disgusted with postal-cards, because there isn't room for a P. S. on them.

☞ A Rock Island physician has had his portrait painted, and a local art critic declares that "you can feel saws and things rasping over your bones, and taste calomel, blue mass and quinine as you look at it."

☞ One-half the world doesn't know how the other half live—and it is none of their business.

☞ The people of Atlanta, Ga., are listening to the "deep base notes" of an alligator, which is waddling about beneath the city in the sewer.

☞ A clerk in Market street made a bet, a short time ago, that he would live on strawberry shortcake for a week. He did so—and died—and is berryed.

☞ A Lafayette, Indiana, boy, who attempted to amputate a cat's tail, now does his seeing with one eye.

☞ Tom Thumb Stratton lives on board his yacht at Newport, and his wife boards at one of the hotels.

☞ A doctor of Portsmouth, N. H., wants the custom of tolling bells for funerals discontinued. It has a depressing effect upon the sick, and cannot prove a source of much enjoyment to the departed.

☞ A Minnesota editor has been mulcted five cents in a libel suit. The jury explained that they would have raised it to ten if they had supposed that that amount wouldn't have caused the suspension of the paper.

☞ A Chittenden, Vt., farmer scouts the idea of taking a newspaper at three whole dollars a year, and posts a notice on a school-house that "5 hoggs hev strade or bin stoolen" from him.

☞ A daughter of R. W. Porter, residing near Monmouth, Illinois, while making her bed, the other day, discovered a rattlesnake comfortably rolled up between the sheets. Immediately after the people of Monmouth thought the corporation law against steam whistles had been violated.

☞ An idiot in the Massachusetts State Asylum repairs the clocks and watches of the institution, and does his work well.

☞ A card on a door-post, in an up-town street in Philadelphia, announces lodgings to let, with a large "N. B." at the bottom followed by the words, "No musicians need apply."

☞ A father of fifty children is vouched for by one of the most trustworthy and respected citizens of Waco, Texas, of whom thirty-five are still alive. The man is living with his fifth wife.

☞ A man about fifty years of age, accompanied by a wife who looked still older, applied for tickets to Jackson. When told the price he demurred, and after withdrawing for a consultation, he returned to the window and asked, "Well, won't you knock off a dollar if the old woman will ride on the platform?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ Prof. Daniels, of Vermont, made a bet that he could look a ferocious bull out of countenance, and competent judges estimated that the Professor was thrown up twenty-seven feet. The doctor was eventually saved by the courage and tenacity of his legs.

☞ "Were you guarded in your conduct while in Philadelphia?" asked a father of his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city. "Yes, sir; part of the time by two policemen."

☞ There was a deacon in New Hampshire by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys in front of his house, and went to stop their Sabbath breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to one of them: "Boys do you know what day this is?" "Yes, sir," replied one of the boys; "Deacon Day, the cooper."

☞ A rash snake-charmer of Greensburg, Kentucky, handled a rattlesnake somewhat too familiarly, and got his leg full of snake's teeth, assorted sizes, poison thrown in. Whisky and tobacco saved him—but the snake-charming season is over.

☞ A load of lumber has stood for sixty-one years in the shed of an old farmer at Harrisburg, Pa., because a girl jilted him. He intended to use the lumber in a house for his intended bride, and vowed that the wagon and its load should stand as it was for all time.

☞ A Boston gentleman, who dislikes formality, offered a lady $5000 if she would marry him without the usual preliminaries of courtship.

☞ A San Francisco milliner recently hit upon a novel expedient to advertise her store. She had among her assistants one remarkably handsome young woman, and having attired this damsel in the choicest garments of the establishment, placed her in the window of the store. The girl stood in a half-reclining attitude, perfectly still, and very soon an immense crowd of people had assembled to see the beautiful milliner's sign. The crowd soon grew to a perfect mob, quite blocking the street until the curtains were lowered and the living model relieved from her position.

☞ How it is Done.—Here is the outline of the history of a suicide: A young man—stranger in New York—in a good situation—in a large boarding-house—pleasant young companions—spends evenings out—goes to midnight parties—his nerves disturbed by a little drink—a little mistake in business—another drink—a reproof from his employer—more drink—more mistakes—loss of situation—no help from frivolous companions—money all gone—then credit all gone—then turned out of boarding-house—wandering in the street—mortification—desperation—shoots himself.

[From the Galaxy.]

Why Marriages Decrease.

The falling off in marriages is found in the centres of population, where the needs of life press hard. The old-fashioned disinterestedness has of late years been losing ground in these places. Thirty or forty years ago it was plain sailing; a gibbous hat and the Italian opera were unknown; all worked for a living, and none were rich as compared with those of to-day. It has become evident that in cities Hymen is losing his power; yet the goddess who came out of the sea-foam continues to exercise her wonted charms over men, though they refuse to follow Hymen. There is a hide-and-seek process on the part of men to avoid supporting the woman, which would be to the last degree ungenerous if it were not in some measure compulsory. Fathers endeavor to dispose of daughters to those who stand upon conditions, and each tries to shirk the expense of keeping them. Thus regarded, the woman becomes a possible encumbrance to a marrying man, and almost a parasite in her own family. A great number of those who live in luxury in the metropolis make both ends meet with difficulty. The head of the family is stretched on a financial wheel, which never ceases to turn every day in the year. He is pressed for what he considers the necessaries of life, and spends twenty thousand dollars a year. The capital of this man who spends twenty thousand dollars a year, at legal interest, would not perhaps yield him a third of what he expends; thus he is obliged to work hard for his living, and without relaxation. He is not in a position to help any one but himself, however willing he may be to do so. The young man making his way through an ocean of difficulties, and carrying heavy ballast in the shape of clubs and social dissipation, may like the daughter of the poor rich father; but he has not the audacity, even if she were willing to make the sacrifice, to take her out of her handsome nest into an inferior one. In resisting the matrimonial temptation he has something to say for himself. His knowledge of life tells him that there are scarcely any hours of happiness which are compensation for the rasping, wearing, daily want of means to provide for every-day necessaries and comforts, and that it is not long before domestic peace gives way before this terrible pressure. It is human, too, for the woman in unguarded moments to make comparisons between her married and single life, in which regrets and reproaches are implied if not spoken. When matters reach this point it is the *coup de grace*, and domestic felicity is at an end.

An adviser may say to this young man, if he wants to marry the poor rich girl, Go West; but this is counsel he cannot follow. His lot is cast here, and through industry he has reasonable expectations of ultimately acquiring a modest competency. It would be foolish for him to give up the bird in hand for the two out West in the bush, to say nothing of his likings, which ten to one favor his present surroundings. Here the field of labor is plainly indicated, and he is already in the harness. His future being here, he must submit to the conditions of life around him, and accept civilization as he finds it. Thus reasoning, he turns away from the poor rich man's sumptuous dwelling with a sigh; he may not pluck the coveted flower. And if the expected bridegroom in purple and fine linen, from Lydian shores, fail to come, the daughter is condemned to a life of celibacy. If the father has several such, who wait in vain, his house, according to the Dutch proverb, becomes like a cellar full of sour beer.

There are three issues out of the difficulties which involve marriage in the cities; a simpler mode of life; the independence which the woman may acquire in self-support; and the dowry, which concerns rather the parents than the woman herself.

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OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—A correspondent writes to us as follows:

"Reference to Eli Perkins's letter in the *Graphic* of last Saturday will show you that he has made use of one of your articles in a way that seems hardly honest. As I think you ought to be aware of such a liberty, if you are not already, I have taken it upon myself to write to you.

Yours, &c. ——"

We do not care for this. We are becoming accustomed to such thefts, and in the majority of instances we give them no attention. In the case of Perkins, particularly, we are not inclined to complain. It is natural that he should desire to rise now and then above the level of absolute dullness, and as it is of course wholly impossible for him to do so while he depends solely on his own intellectual efforts, it is quite proper for him to appropriate the ideas of other men. A perfectly honest Perkins, in, perforce, a perfectly unendurable idiot; a Perkins who knows that fact may be excused for occasionally violating the eighth commandment. We shall not chide him; let him flourish his predatory scissors, and so relieve his readers from the funereal gloom which envelopes them when he attempts to go it alone.

—An article in the Pall Mall Gazette confirms the story related long ago, of the existence of a peculiar species of fish which climb trees. Since our doubts upon this subject have thus been cleared up, we have become more hopeful of procuring accurate intelligence of the performance of equally singular feats by other animals. No man who has seen a fish climb a tree need be surprised if he should come across an oyster which plays upon the piano; nor need he be startled if he should encounter a straddle bug that can sing bass. A boa constrictor that can play billiards is clearly no more an impossibility than a rooster that writes poetry, and neither of them can be considered more unlikely than an owl which has a passionate fondness for base-ball. Admitting the climbing fish, we may expect to discover mules that are proficient on the flying trapeze, and tom cats which can parse the Scriptures in the original Hebrew; and if we do not find mud-eels that waltz, we may at least hope to discover woodpeckers that are proficient in logarithms. The marvels of nature are gradually being revealed to us.

—We like to find in the papers items such as the following which we take from an exchange:—

"A dashing belle of Green Bay, a Miss Ruth Taylor, a few days since was presented with a silk dress for her gallantry in taking hold of a spanner and helping pull the engine to a fire."

Now a "spanner" is simply a short wrench with which the cap over the mouth of a fire-plug is unscrewed, and what we want to know is, how that dashing belle pulled the engine to the fire with a spanner? We do not know a very great deal about such things, but with the little light we have, it seems to us that she could have helped the engine along quite as well by taking hold of the church steeple or of the mayor's nose. A woman who would attempt to extinguish a conflagration by pulling an engine to a fire with a spanner, would be capable of trying to carry a cream-colored horse with a Freewill Baptist hymn book.

—Young Manglebury will probably not visit Miss Skittles again. He called upon her a few evenings ago, and as she was not at home, he sat down on the porch to wait for her. In a few moments old Skittles's big dog came up, and after eyeing Manglebury and growling at him in a manner which made chills run up and down his back, the dog walked up and began to sniff Manglebury's legs. While the animal was performing this operation, the young man maintained a condition of absolute repose. It is doubtful if he will again be as perfectly still as he was then until his immortal soul is in the land of everlasting rest. When the ceremony was concluded, the dog lay down by Manglebury's chair. As soon as Manglebury felt certain the brute was asleep, he thought he would go home without seeing Miss Skittles; but when he attempted to rise from his chair, the dog leaped up and growled so menacingly that Manglebury immediately sat down again. Then he thought perhaps it would be better *not* to go home at once. It occurred to him, however, that it would be as well to call for some one to remove the dog in case circumstances should render it desirable for him to depart; but at the very first yell, Skittles's dog jumped to his feet, gave a fiendish bark, and began to take a few more critical smells at Manglebury's legs. And whenever Manglebury shuffled his feet, or moved his arms, or uttered the slightest sound, that infamous dog was instantly up and at him. Once, when he *had* to sneeze, he thought, from the boisterous indignation manifested by the dog, that his hour at last had come. Manglebury had often before wanted to see Miss Skittles alone, but now he felt as if he would welcome any member of the Skittles family, even the cook, with a feeling approaching enthusiasm. Finally he heard voices in the parlor. It was Miss Skittles and a young man who had come home with her and entered the side door. And they sat there at the window, not thirty feet from Manglebury, sparking and cooing, and every now and then making some disagreeable remark about Manglebury, until at last the visitor left and Miss Skittles locked the door, closed the shutters and went to bed. And the dog never moved until morning, when old Skittles came down to look at the thermometer and found that faithful guardian still watching over the miserable Manglebury, who still sat in the chair in which he began to wait for Miss Skittles. Old Skittles offered to shoot the dog, in order to soothe Manglebury, but that person was beyond reach of such remedies. He was too mad. He cut the Skittles family dead; and he is now endeavoring to select a social circle whose members do not keep dogs. He hates a dog now worse than a doctor hates a healthy climate.

—We had our private doubts respecting the intellectual gifts of Sensenderfer when he insisted, in our presence, that the Pomological Society was an organization whose object is to encourage the writing of poems; but these doubts were confirmed the other day when Sensenderfer read in the paper the following reference to the capital of Ohio: "Columbus has six thousand children at school." He came dashing up to us, and exclaiming, "Read that, will you? Just read that! Impetuous Moses! this newspaper wants to make me believe that old Columbus had six thousand children, and that they are going to school now. *Now!* mind you, when to my certain knowledge he has been dead about nine hundred years, and he was only married once! Thunder and lightnin'! Six thousand babes and sucklings, and only one original Columbus! Don't tell me newspapers never lie." He is calmer now, since the matter was explained; but we feel certain that one actually bright idea emanating from Sensenderfer would wrench his brain-pan hopelessly. He isn't used to such things.

—A Reading paper contains an account of a machine for plugging teeth, which reminds us of the invention patented many years ago by our old friend, Dr. Slugg. It was a tooth-puller. Slugg had an enormous business, and he concluded to economize his strength by pulling teeth by machinery. He constructed a series of cranks and levers, fixed to a movable stand, and operating a pair of forceps, by means of a leather belt which was connected with the engine of a planing-mill next door. The doctor experimented with it several times on nails firmly inserted in a board, and it worked splendidly. The first patient he tried it on was Judge Mosby, who called in to have an aching molar removed. When the forceps had been clamped upon the judge's tooth, Dr. Slugg geared the machine and opened the valve. We believe it was never known with any degree of exactness whether the doctor pulled the valve too far open, or whether the planing-mill was working at that moment under extraordinary pressure. But in the twinkling of an eye, Judge Mosby was twisted out of that chair, and the movable stand began to execute the most surprising manœuvres around the room. It would jerk Judge Mosby high into the air and souse him down in an appalling manner, with one leg among Slugg's gouges and other instruments of torture, and with the other in the spittoon. Then it would rear him up against the chandelier three or four times, and shy across and drive the judge's head through the oil portrait of Slugg's father over the mantelpiece. After bumping him against Slugg's ancestor, it would swirl the judge around among the crockery on the wash-stand and dance him up and down in an exciting manner over the stove, until finally the defective molar "gave," and as the judge landed with his foot through the pier-glass and his elbow on a pink poodle worked in a green rug, the machine dashed violently against Doctor Slugg, and tried to seize his leg with the forceps. When they carried the judge home, he didn't seem inordinately glad his tooth was out; and Dr. Slugg never sent to collect his bill. They called it square, we believe; and while the Mosbys hunted up a new dentist, Slugg cancelled his contract with the man who owned the planing-mill, and began to pull teeth in the old way by hand. We have an impression that Slugg's patent can be bought at a sacrifice.

—Always cork your catsup bottles tightly. Going out on the steam-cars the other day, we observed a man place a bottle of tomato catsup neck downward in the rack above his seat. Presently a friend came in, and in a few moments the friend, who was cleaning his nails with a knife, introduced the subject of a third term for Grant. The discussion gradually became warm, and as the excitement increased, the man with the knife gesticulated violently with the hand containing the weapon, as he explained his views of the question. Meantime the cork jolted out of the bottle overhead, and the catsup dripped down over the owner's head and coat and collar without his perceiving the fact. Directly a nervous old lady on the opposite seat caught sight of the red stain and imagining it was blood, instantly began to scream "murder" at the top of her voice. As the passengers, and conductor and brakemen rushed up, she brandished her umbrella wildly, and exclaimed, "Arrest that man there! Arrest that willin! I see him do it. I see him stab that other one with his knife until the blood spurted out. Oh, you wretch! Oh, you willinous rascal, to take human life in that scandalous manner. I see you punch him with the knife, you butcher, you! and I'll swear it agin you in court, too, you owdacious rascal." They took her into the rear car and soothed her, while the victim wiped the catsup off of his coat. But that venerable old woman will go down to the silent grave with the conviction that she witnessed in those cars one of the most awful and sanguinary encounters that has occurred since the affair between Cain and Abel.

—The Germans have invented a new sausage-skin. They take an ordinary piece of white blotting-paper and dip it in sulphuric acid. It instantly becomes like parchment, and it makes a skin for a bologna sausage almost precisely like the real thing. This must be very mortifying to people who consume bologna sausage. A man who sits down to a meal of that kind, and knows that the article in front of him has blotting-paper on the outside and a strong suspicion of pointer-dog or bull-terrier on the inside, ought to satisfy his appetite without any extraordinary effort. Information of this kind, arriving at a moment when we have just heard that a Colorado man has opened a place on which he intends to raise prairie-dogs, with which to supply the demand at the East for rabbits, might drive a nervous man to a resolution to become a strict vegetarian.

Moral Courage.

Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a seedy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy of a king. Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to the first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

THE FUTURE.—The future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane; on either side bright flowers and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance the trees grow bleak, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived at a desert waste, in the centre a stagnant and Lethean lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

AN IDEA OF PERSPECTIVE.

CRITICAL INDIVIDUAL.—"Nice work, isn't it, zur. I beg yer pardon, zur, you couldn't put me in the picter, maybe?"

ARTIST.—"Well, I haven't room."

CRITICAL INDIVIDUAL.—"Oh, I don't mind, zur—(*pointing to the sky*)—I'll go up there."

TWO DEBTS PAID.

BY MARGARET AUDLEY DOUGLASS.

"Good-bye, Alice. I must go, indeed I must. I like you, and all that sort of thing, but it wouldn't do, you see!" Here Mr. Joseph Van Orton stopped and looked a little uneasily at his companion.

The "all that sort of thing" referred to in his protest might have been translated—frequent walks and drives upon the beach, soft glances, still softer words, in short the thousand and one imbecilities that go to make up a courtship—all of which were directed at Alice Holt, a fisherman's daughter, the girl to whom he spoke.

"Going! You are not in earnest, Joseph!" That was all she said, but somehow it made him wince.

"Not going away from here, but my mother and the girls are coming down this evening, and after this I must be with *them*."

There was a little pause, during which his cane punched innumerable holes in the sand at their feet. At last he rose, adding in his gracefully off-hand way:

"My wife that is to be comes with them."

"Your wife!"

"No, not so bad as that; my marriage comes off some time in the dim future, at present she *is my fiancée* only."

"Your *fiancée!* You omitted to tell me you were engaged, Mr. Van Orton."

"Did I? Well, I cannot see that it makes much matter. But it strikes me that you have done nothing, so far, but echo my words, Alice! It's bad enough to have to hear them once, but it is unendurable, when some one else repeats them in such an injured way," he said, relighting his cigar, and watching her covertly.

"No. You never told me that. Mr. Van Orton chose other subjects; for example he said that he loved me—that I was more to him than any one else, and I was simple enough to believe him!" She spoke passionately, a little sneeringly, for her whole nature was roused at his words.

He took his cigar slowly from between his lips, watching her meanwhile with a slight smile. He knew that his influence over this girl was almost boundless, and it pleased him to test it.

"Alice!" That was all he said, but before the sound of her name had well died away, all anger had passed from her face, two brown hands were clinging to his arm, and two brown eyes, all wet with tears, were pleading mutely for forgiveness.

One word of his had cast to the four winds all her wrath and indignation, and now she wanted to be forgiven for having spoken the truth.

Mr. Van Orton was silent, perhaps at a loss how to proceed. At length he laid his hand on the little sunburnt ones that still rested on his coat sleeve, and touching his lips lightly to the dark cheek that turned scarlet at the touch, said—

"You know I like you, that I think you are a dear little thing, so what more can you want?"

A pertinent question! "Was not the admiration of a Van Orton a shield against all the ills of life?" That was its correct interpretation.

"It is out of the question, even if I were free, that I—we— Oh! confound it all!" Somehow our hero began to flounder in his attempt to place the case in its true light, and at last surprised and disconcerted himself by sticking fast in the bog of explanation.

The color mounted to the roots of her hair; though only a fisherman's daughter she had, in common with her more cultivated sisters, enough woman's instinct to supply what he had left unsaid.

"You understand what I mean, and that is all that is needful. Good-bye, I am late as it is." He kissed her again, and then put her from him carelessly. She submitted very quietly, and let him leave her without speaking, but as he turned the ledge of the rock that jutted out from the cliff above, she sprang forward, and calling his name in a quivering voice, clung to him sobbing and crying.

"This is a little too much. By Jove! Alice, you *must* leave me."

That was the way he greeted her, and, shrinking back, she let him go on his way.

And when he was out of sight, she threw herself down in a paroxysm of grief. A very unconventional proceeding, but then! never having mingled in good society, she could not be expected to know the *savoir vivre* of a scene of this kind.

Meanwhile, Mr. Van Orton was walking back to his hotel, feeling injured and ill-used. It was hard that a gentleman could not amuse himself without the girl taking it all in earnest.

"Confoundedly hard!" he muttered, with bitter emphasis on the adjective.

He was a handsome man; a tall, broad-shouldered blonde, dressed expensively, but with perfect taste.

Now most of us have, at least, one object of affection—likewise a hobby; this latter is seldom original, and is often kept in the background, though it exists none the less; this, from oft proving, deserves a place among axioms. But not to be prosy, Joseph Van Orton's object of affection was himself; his hobby, Joseph Van Orton's family, and we must agree that he evinced great discrimination.

For instance, his love might have been bestowed on horses, or the dice-box; his hobby might have been to find a novel and expeditious way to pass over that well-worn road that leads "*to the dogs.*"

As it was, *materfamilias* could fold her white hands and thank Heaven, in her well-modulated voice, that Joseph had no vices, and was what is designated "a model young man."

But in the meantime that gentleman has mounted the steps of the crowded piazza, and is looking around, evidently in search of some one. At last his eye rests on a party standing on the farther end, and he slowly makes his way to them.

"Here is the truant at last. Why didn't you come to meet us, Joe?" said one of the girls, extending her hand.

"How do, Emeline? When did you come? I wanted to meet you at the station, but business detained me." Mr. Van Orton's brows contracted, and he again felt injured when he reflected upon the nature of the business.

By this time all had become aware of his presence, and he was soon standing talking to his *fiancée*. There was, to a certain extent, a likeness between mother and son; both blonde, both superlatively refined in appearance and dress. The two girls were even more like their mother, handsome, and not unconscious of the fact.

As for Edith Harrison, she was beautiful—there could be no mistake as to that. Perhaps there was not over much expression in her face—but what of that? To have expression, one must first have thought, and thought it is that brings furrows and wrinkles. To be a belle, one must have beauty; to continue a belle, one must retain it; and the faces that continue pretty longest, are those of women whose thoughts (if one can dignify with the name of thought what is merely a spontaneous working of the brain) never rise above self and its surroundings,—all of which goes to prove that Edith had reached the acme of belleshood!

Those were pleasant days to the party at the hotel; long, sunny days, filled up with parties of all kinds. Even Edith enjoyed herself in a stately, statuesque fashion, while Joseph Van Orton drifted contentedly with the tide, as only a man who feels he has done his duty can drift. And had he not done his duty to self and society? Betrothed to a girl of unquestionable beauty and lineage, and rid of one who had nothing but beauty—and love—to recommend her? Really the world is hard to please, if it does not see and appreciate the full beauty and dignity of Mr. J. Van Orton's conduct!

Perhaps he rather avoided the places he had frequented upon his coming, but that can be accounted for by the fact that she whom he used to meet there, being a "woman of the people," could not appreciate those subtle distinctions which birth and education had opened before his eyes; they might have met, and then the inevitable would have been—a scene—a thing for which he had a well-bred horror.

Some weeks had passed, when one morning a gay party set out for the beach, consisting of Emeline and Georgiana Van Orton, who, with their cavaliers led the van, then a number of people with whom we have no interest followed, while bringing up the rear came Mr. Van Orton and Edith.

These last fell somewhat behind the others, and so it happened that they met face to face, Alice Holt.

The girl was on her way to the hotel upon some errand of her mother, and meeting suddenly this man from whom she had parted, not so long ago, with tears and kisses, she turned crimson, then very white, and with a pair of brown eyes fixed upon the gentleman, halted directly in their path. He met them calmly, there was no recognition in his, not even kindness; but a kind of scornful anger that she should block the way. She read that much perhaps, for her brown eyes lost their meaning as they received his glance, and with a start she stepped aside as he said haughtily—

"My good girl, will you allow this lady and myself to pass on?"

"How odd! What did she want?" this from Edith as they walked on toward the yacht.

"Very. Haven't the least idea, a beggar probably." Which was, no doubt, a correct and proper thing for him to say; why should he harrow the feelings of his betrothed by the recital of a bygone love affair? Had not Edith accepted him with a trust sublimely touching, had she asked aught of his past? No; she had done as others do every day, put her trust in Providence and taken the man—we follow that gentleman's example, and drop the subject.

Summer was on the wane; people were flitting home, and even at the fashionable hour the beach was almost deserted; but still the Van Ortons and their party lingered on. One September morning summer seemed to have changed her mind, and returned for a time; the sun rose warm and bright, the sea was unruffled, and the most intense heat quivered in the air.

The Van Ortons had wandered down to the beach like the rest of the seaside world, and having settled themselves as comfortably as possible, fell back upon that thread-bare subject, the weather.

"People talk about sea breezes as if they were forever blowing at the sea-shore. I defy any one to find one to-day!"

"So they do blow forever, Miss Georgiana, in fact—"

Poor Mr. Hobson, who had begun with the best possible intention of imparting information, found himself interrupted languidly by Edith—

"There! Please don't, it's very interesting no doubt; but really it is too warm to be instructed!"

Mr. Hobson subsided; presently Emeline broke the silence with—

"Mr. Morton, look over there, isn't that what you gentlemen call poetically 'a diamond in the rough'?"

"A second Maud Muller," said the gentleman, turning in the direction pointed out.

"A second; who was the first, Joseph?" That was Edith's query.

"A poem in which a country girl of that name figures as the heroine."

"A poem—I know now! By Tennyson."

"No—by Whittier." And so speaking he turned his eyes, for the first time, in the direction the others had turned some minutes before.

The object of this curiosity was a girl of about eighteen, who was seated some distance beyond them.

"Very pretty scene; she chose her position with great discrimination," muttered Joseph Van Orton.

Most certainly she had; the gray rock against which she leaned, formed a background which toned down the bright colors of the picture and gave relief to the eye. Her head was uncovered, and the sun streaming over it showed to advantage her rich brown hair, hazel eyes, and vivid coloring; her face was bent down upon the work she held in her hands, but the needle was idle—and one foot, from which she had slipped her heavy shoe, was swinging restlessly to and fro, brown as a berry, but small and slender.

Above her the sky was deep, dead blue, cloudless, except along the eastern horizon where there lay a long, low bank of white. Below stretched the sea, glistening in the morning sunlight. In the sand at her feet played two little girls, her sisters, as Mr. Van Orton knew. He was right, it *was* a pretty scene.

She must have felt their eyes upon her, for all at once she turned and fixed here upon Mr. Van Orton with half sullen, half defiant look.

"I wonder who she is?" Emeline asked.

"Joseph! isn't she the girl we met that day? The one who stopped before us in such a strange way." Edith it was who spoke.

And again Mr. Van Orton showed great consideration for his *fiancée's* feelings—

"I have forgotten the face completely; however, it is very unlikely that she is the same person."

"Yes, that is a veritable Maud; even 'the long-lashed hazel eyes' are there," said Mr. Morton, who had been looking earnestly at the girl.

"Have mercy on us, Mr. Morton, and spare us the rest of that poem! I have an utter contempt for any man who could write such trash. Maud was an idiot, and the judge ten times worse—for he, 'having birth and education,' might have been expected to know better. It is very pretty in a poem to sigh and say 'it might have been,' but if those two had ever lived, they would have said, 'Thank Heaven it *isn't!*'"

At this point Emeline paused, satisfied that her eloquence was not in vain. Mr. Morton's eyes had travelled back from the girl by the rock, and now rested on her as he said—

"Yes, you are right—such marriages are perfect burlesques; the husband spends his life and grows old in a vain attempt to draw his wife up to his own level and cultivation—while *she* is eminently successful in dragging him down to *hers;* or if she is moved by a desire to do her lord credit, there is always a host of relatives who have also a laudable desire to rise, in pursuance of which they cling on to her skirts with such persistency, that the unfortunate couple are either dragged down to the outskirts of society, or else left midway in the *demi-monde!* Heaven protect a man from such a fate!"

"Amen! But the man that is fool enough to do such a thing deserves a place in a lunatic asylum, in *my* opinion."

This last fell from Mr. Van Orton's lips; then the party rose, and resuming their walk, passed out of sight.

Now all this was very right and proper, and the remarks of Emeline, Joseph and Mr. Morton gave evidence of much wisdom, but they had been made as though the lack of *sangre azul* also included a lack of hearing, consequently Alice Holt received the full benefit of their wisdom; but, strange to say, instead of being impressed with their astuteness, the angry blood rushed to her cheeks, and springing from her rocky seat at one bound, she hurried impetuously homeward, and it was not until twilight that she again walked on the beach.

The sound of music came faintly from the distant hotel, and the beach was very silent and deserted; the sky was covered with drifting clouds, some like huge black palls, some lead color, and now and then a fleecy white one floated by, its curled edges tipped with silver as the faint, pale moon tried to force her way through. The wind had sprung up in a way that made the sailors predict a storm.

But Alice noticed none of this. She was standing still, letting the salt spray dash against her face, and thinking, oh! so bitterly of the past. Presently two gentlemen came along; one passed her rapidly, and joined some boatmen further on; the other followed more slowly. Alice Holt's face changed as she saw him; as he passed her, she held out one hand, saying piteously—

"Joseph—"

"Mr. Van Orton has not the pleasure of your acquaintance, madam," he said haughtily, feeling it was time to put an end to such persecution.

She drew back, ashy pale.

"Van Orton, these men predict a storm, so I shall not venture out, having a predilection for dry land at such times."

"Just as you please, Morton, but I think I will go."

The wind carried this scrap of conversation back to her. Then she saw a skiff put off from shore, and presently the one who had been addressed as Morton walked back to the hotel. By and by the boatmen rose in a body and set off toward a hut a little distance from the shore.

Alice alone remained where she was; wounded pride and love—but she could not analyze her own feelings. Did she love him in spite of all? I think so; not Joseph Van Orton, perhaps, but Joseph Van Orton as she thought him to be. She only did what women are always doing—made an idol of a very common-place man—and in the course of time she would find out that the god-like properties had vanished, and there was nothing left but clay; but that time had not quite come yet.

Some time passed as she sat moodily thinking it all over. At last she was aroused by the sudden bursting of the storm; then she started to her feet, her first thoughts for the boat that had left the shore. The line of light that fell from the lighthouse, together with the vivid lightning, lit up the waters and showed how huge the waves had grown, and how white with foam.

Unmindful of herself, she came nearer and nearer as she strained her eyes for a sight of the boat, until her dress touched the edge of the water. At last she saw it dancing like an egg-shell, now on the crest of a wave, now deep in the trough of the sea. As it came nearer, she saw that its occupant was pulling with all his might. She could not think or act, she stood still in breathless fear, hardly daring to look, unable to take her eyes away. He was almost in—a minute more he would have been saved, had not the oar been wrenched from his hand, and the boat crushed like paper by the force of the water, and he thrown out to the mercy of the waves.

He struck out, but unfortunately *sangre azul* does not make a good swimmer. Alice saw every effort grow weaker and weaker, and a terrible thought entered her mind, to let him perish unaided in return for—but just then a flash of lightning fell across his white face, and she, forgetting all except her love, threw herself into the water, but not before her clear, shrill signal for help had sounded out above the storm.

She had always been famous for her swimming, even in the little fishing village—where people swim as a matter of course—but now came the test. Clogged by her garments the struggle to reach the exhausted man was almost desperate, but at last she succeeded, and weakened by the burden she bore—she struck out for shore, only to be tossed to and fro by the waves and to feel herself growing weaker every instant. Just as her strength failed, she was tossed on shore; her burden was taken from her by a man whom her signal had brought, and then somehow—none knew how it happened, whether by her own will or not—she was swept out again, far out in the driving rain, out into the dark, pitiless ocean.

Next day she was tossed on shore, bruised and cut by the rocks, against which she had been dashed, clasping in her poor, stiff hands a clump of tangled sea-weed that, perhaps, she had clutched in a vain attempt to save herself as the cold water closed over her, and she felt that she could bear it all—pain, sorrow, everything—if she might only *live*.

That she had loved above her station in life was a most heinous crime, but even the Van Ortons could not deny that the debt she had thus incurred was paid over and above its due. As for Joseph his debt was owed to family and society, and he also paid his—it is a matter of little moment that in so doing he broke the heart of a fisherman's daughter.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

W. H. B., (Newburyport,) asks: "1st. Will you be kind enough to tell me if you know of anything that will remove freckles without injury to the skin? Something simple. 2d. Do you know if you can purchase oil-cloth and cork boots, or something of the kind, for the purpose of bathing, and at what cost? 3d. In the verse

'Fair morning time and school-days
Are passed too quick to tell,
And cometh now the sad days
And sad songs of farewell,'

is it correct to put *cometh* in the third line? I don't mean in regard to metre, but to grammar? 4th. I will wind up with asking, as most of the others do, how do you like my writing?" 1st. We have several times given a remedy, which is said to be good, though we do not know from experience. It is made by steeping grated horseradish in buttermilk, straining, and using as a wash. 2d. We should advise you not to bathe at all, if you need so much protection from the water. We do not know whether such materials can be had for bathing purposes. Perhaps some of our readers can inform us. 3d. The word is not grammatically correct. It has a plural nominative, and should be *come*. 4th. You write a good hand.

NO NAME, (Mendota, Ill.,) asks: "1st. Is Professor Pinneo, the author of Pinneo's Grammar, alive at the present time? 2d. Are Pinneo's grammars used in the public schools of Philadelphia? 3d. How long would it take to learn the French and German languages if a person would study hard? 4th. What language is spoken in Brazil, Peru and Bolivia? 5th. How long would it take to become a stenographer? 6th. Is Manuel the Dane, or will it be, published in book form? 7th. How is my writing?" 1st. We do not know. 2d. No. 3d. Three or four years, to be able to converse in them. If the person lived where these languages were spoken, or was well adapted to the study, they might be acquired in less time. 4th. The Portuguese in Brazil, the Spanish in Peru and Bolivia. 5th. One or two years with some persons, others would never learn. 6th. It is not, and we believe will not be. 7th. Your writing is not good.

SUNSCHEIN, (Fallsdale, Fla.,) asks: "1st. Is Emilio Castelar, the author of 'The Republican Movement in Europe,' the same individual who was appointed as one of the Cabinet of the Spanish republic? If so, why were such articles credited as having been translated from the French, and who is the translator? And is the author chargeable with the too frequent expression, 'The peoples,' as if intending to burlesque the expression, thinking probably, that the innumerable people of the world and the balance of mankind, to be sufficiently comprehensive? In one of the articles referred to, Castelar charges Kant with 'confounding pure democracy with pure absolutism.' The patriotic old Whig party would say, 'The two extremes meet,' as was illustrated by the indomitable administration of Jackson. 2d. Castelar says: 'Not that they (the Germans) possessed the written and oral eloquence which is the property of the Greeks of all time; the Hellenic spirit can never be touched by decadence.' Elsewhere we find it stated 'that the heroic men of the North are as superior to the Greeks as Hyperion to a Satyr,' meaning, I suppose, the descendants of the Goths and Vandals, claiming kindred with the Sclavonians, Esquimaux and Kamtschatdales. In renouncing the powers attributed to the heathen gods, we are far from rejecting the eloquence and the classics of Greece." 1st. It is the same man. To write his work in French would be but to follow abundant precedents in Europe. We do not know his particular reasons for this course, nor even that he did so. From what we have read of his work it does not appear that he is, in any sense, unfavorable to "The Peoples." Not having read the work in the original—either Spanish or French—we cannot say who is responsible for the expression, "The Peoples." It is perfectly correct, however, being synonymous with nations. 2d. There does not seem to be any discordance here. He credits the Greeks with superior eloquence, the Germans with superior energy and intellectual force. The Goths and Vandals claimed kindred with the Sclavonians, though greatly differing from them in national character. But no one asserts kindred between them and the Esquimaux and Kamtschatdales.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]